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The Week

THE situation in China is bad enough; and for that very reason it is important that its seriousness should not be exaggerated. The anti-foreign feeling which has always existed underneath the surface, and was revealed in the Boxer uprising a quarter of a century ago, has again flamed out, following the capture of Shanghai by the Nationalist forces. Americans and other foreigners are finding it necessary to leave the interior and are coming down the Yangtse to the coast. The situation of the foreigners in Shanghai itself is said to be more serious than at any time since the beginning of the present crisis. While the feeling of the native population seems to be directed against all aliens, the British continue to be singled out for special animosity. The French and Japanese are carefully keeping aloof, with the purpose of retaining as much Chinese good will as is possible. The United States is coöperating closely with the British.

THE Nanking affair, serious as it was, proved to have been greatly exaggerated in the early despatches. One American and three other persons were killed and several wounded. Much property was stolen by looters, and many individuals, including women, were very roughly handled. Most of the refugees appear to believe that the bombardment by British and American vessels—a bombardment which the Chinese claim resulted in a very large number of casualties—saved their lives. American naval officers claim that the shells fell only in the cleared space around the Standard Oil property, among the soldiers who were besieging the buildings; the Cantonese state that the shells fell also among the civilian population of Nanking, and did damage comparable to the terrible Wanhsien massacre by the British last summer. Eugene Chen, on behalf of the Nationalist government, has expressed his regret over the occurrence and has promised an immediate investigation. From this distance, it is difficult to understand why the foreigners remained so long in Nanking, knowing that its fall was likely to take place within a few days, and it is equally hard to see why better arrangements were not made in the end for their evacuation.

THE Nanking refugees agree that their hardships were suffered at the hands of Nationalist soldiers, who appeared to be organized and directed by persons familiar with the local situation. This may be true without implying that the mistreatment of foreigners was or is a deliberate policy of the Cantonese government. Its soldiers are better drilled and disciplined than is usual in China; but we have yet to hear of any city's being occupied, by any army, in that country without a certain amount of looting and disorder—including the capture of Peking by European and American troops during the Boxer uprising. The Nationalist government is most assuredly unfriendly to foreigners. It wants to see all their unfair privileges abolished, and has reached the intelligent conclusion that force is probably the most effective way to accomplish this. At the same time, it is too shrewd to bring down upon itself hostile military action by the foreigners while it is still in the midst of its civil war. Its Communist wing would, of course, like to see as much trouble

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stirred up as possible; but this wing is not in control, and there is no present reason to suppose that the Cantonese government is not doing its best to live up to its announced policy, and to protect the lives and property of foreigners. If it had contrary intentions, it is altogether probable that the four deaths at Nanking would have been multiplied fifty-fold.

THOSE Americans who naturally feel indignant at the ill-treatment which foreigners, including Americans, are suffering in Nanking and elsewhere in China, should remember with sorrow that the Chinese have frequently suffered worse treatment under less excusable circumstances in this country. On October 24, 1871, in Los Angeles, fifteen Chinese citizens were hanged and six were shot. One American in Nanking lost his life, and others endured brutality, danger and hardship, as an incident in a civil war which is as important to Chinese nationalism as our Revolutionary War was to American nationalism. The Chinese in Los Angeles were slain by a mob during a period of profound peace and supposed order, and the massacre was only one, although the worst, of a series of outrages, which continued for years. No one was ever punished for the Los Angeles crime. The coroner's jury cynically found that the Chinese had met their death in consequence of the failure of the police to protect them. If the Chinese government of that day had been powerful and aggressive, it might reasonably have proposed that the Chinese citizens, who were legally resident in the United States, needed the benefit of their own courts and their own police protection.

ON Monday last the New York Times revealed the subject of the mysterious interchange of notes between the United States and Mexico a short time ago. These had to do, we learn, with a set of documents which fell into the hands of President Calles, purporting to be communications from Secretary Kellogg and other State Department officials to the American embassy in Mexico City. They discussed plans to overthrow the Calles government, and to substitute a regime more amenable to American wishes. President Calles showed photographic copies of these documents to George Barr Baker, an American newspaper man, and the latter brought them to the attention of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg. The latter denounced them as forgeries, and this explanation is said to have been accepted by Mexico. Both governments are now busily occupied in trying to find the forgers—so we are told by the always veracious newspaper men. Naturally, the end of the episode has, at least temporarily, relieved the tension between the two countries, which had been greatly augmented when President Calles got possession of what he regarded as evidence that the American State Department was fomenting a revolution.

THERE is still much to be explained about these forged documents. We trust the State Department will lose no time in making public what it now knows, and in ferreting out the missing facts in the chain of evidence in support of its contention. The Times reports that some of the documents are not complete forgeries, but are genuine letters and telegrams, in which additional material has been inserted. Part of the telegrams are said to be in the American secret diplomatic code. Some of the questions as yet unanswered are: How did the forgers get possession of these official messages? How were they able to accomplish the seemingly impossible feat of adding material to letters and telegrams which would turn harmless statements into plots for revolution? If they obtained the secret code, how and from whom? Who are the individuals desirous of fomenting trouble between the United States and Mexico, who accomplished this extraordinary enterprise? How was it that Secretary Kellogg and Ambassador Sheffield had so signally failed to convince President Calles of their good will, that these forgeries could be accepted by him as not incompatible with the other, genuine communications he had had from the United States? Here is one case where Mr. Kellogg cannot argue that revealing the facts is "incompatible with the public interest." There is no possible advantage from continued secrecy comparable to the importance, indeed the vital necessity, of promptly publishing the evidence that this country is altogether innocent of any such intention as the forged documents suggest.

THE United States government has sold arms and ammunition to the Diaz government in Nicaragua to the extent of $217,718. Diaz has given a series of notes for $5,000 each, with 6 percent interest, and one of these will mature each month, beginning January 31, 1929. In other words, we are gambling on the ability of Diaz to crush the revolution. If he can stay in office another two years, he will then have little difficulty in finding the funds to pay us—and these munitions, which have already been delivered to him, will be a powerful aid in achieving that end. If he is overthrown in the meantime, we lose our money. The action of the American government should, of course, occasion no surprise to anyone. To be sure, it contradicts the repeated statements of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg that we are not interfering in Nicaragua's private affairs—but these statements have already been belied in other ways; by our taking possession of the Liberals' capital, our charges that Sacasa is the leader of a Mexican-inspired Bolshevist plot, destruction of his ammunition, creation of "neutral zones" to aid Diaz' forces, holding the Nicaraguan railroads for their exclusive use. The new sale of ammunition simply makes our stake in Nicaragua larger—and we submit that it was big enough already.

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ANYTHING to avoid a strike, except wage reduction, seems to have been the policy of the United Mine Workers in the present controversy. They first abandoned the old method of calling out all union miners unless an agreement could be made with the operators of the Central Competitive Field. Others were allowed to continue if they could keep existing wage scales. Next, the various states representing the Central Competitive Field were allowed to negotiate and settle separately if they could. And, at the last moment, the basis of negotiation was reduced to the individual mine. It remains to be seen whether the union has become so weak as to be obliged to abandon collective bargaining altogether over any considerable geographical area. The policy of avoiding a general strike in the mine fields was undoubtedly well advised under the circumstances, since every previous general strike had resulted in material expansion of the non-union fields. If, by some device or other, the union operator can be strengthened and the fighting energies of the union directed to conquering the unorganized areas, its control may be rehabilitated. In the meantime, it would probably be suicidal to continue to deal with the union section of the industry as if it were the whole industry. The difficulty is in maintaining any semblance of control even in the unionized sections, if no nucleus for collective bargaining is retained.

AN APPEAL to the industrial leaders of the South, signed by forty-one prominent Southern Protestant clergymen, shows that the conscience of the South is stirring regarding industrial conditions, and that not forever will Southern communities be complacent merely because the successful exploitation of labor attracts manufacturers from other sections. The appeal speaks of the necessity of improvement of the following conditions: "The isolation of population in the mill village; the long working week, extending in many industries even to fifty-five and sixty hours; a certain amount of the seven-day week which still exists in some industries; the employment of women, and of children between fourteen and sixteen, at over-long periods of labor; low wage standards in some industries, with consequent depressed standards of living; the general absence of labor representation in our factories." The two basic difficulties are evidently conceived to be the company-controlled village, which inhibits citizenship and independence, and the absence of any organized voice for labor. The clergymen do not, in this appeal, attempt to suggest the form of labor representation, whether by regular unions or works councils, but they do urge the industrialists to take the initiative in improving conditions. The fact that among the signers are three bishops of the Episcopal Church, five of the Methodist Episcopal South, and two of the Methodist Episcopal, indicate that the appeal is not without weight. It now remains to be seen whether industrial executives will be stirred by the voice of the Church, and whether, if they are, they will succeed in accomplishing much. Usually, as our readers know, pressure by organized labor has been the indispensable preliminary to general reforms.

THE death of ex-Senator George L. Wellington of Maryland recalls the gallant fight which he made to hold the dyke against the first wave of imperialism which swept this country after the Spanish War. Senator Wellington was utterly opposed to holding the Philippines against the wishes of their inhabitants. He proposed to vote against the Treaty of Paris on that ground. When the administration found itself a single vote short of the number required for ratification, Senator Wellington went over to the affirmative, on the assurance of President McKinley that the islands would be granted their independence. When McKinley went back on his promise and undertook the conquest of the islands, Senator Wellington denounced the criminality of such a war. He abandoned the Republican party, and took an active part in the campaign to elect Bryan on an anti-imperialist platform in 1900. He destroyed himself politically, but he has left an example of courage and consistency in public life which deserves to be long remembered to his honor.

HAMILTON HOLT, former editor of The Independent, was inaugurated the other day as president of Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida; and the first public announcement was made of the new educational policy instituted last autumn at this venerable seat of learning which is in its fifth decade and is the oldest in the state. In future, the student body will be limited in numbers, in spite of all temptations, to just seven hundred, of whom three hundred will be women. The faculty consists of seventy-five men, each of whom must have an inspiring and outstanding personality. In order to draw persons of this type, Rollins expects to pay substantially more than the market rate for its teaching staff. All lectures and class recitations, and nearly all unsupervised individual study, have been abolished, and instead, instructor and students meet for a two-hour conference under a system not unlike the famous "Dalton Plan" for elementary schools. Undergraduates come and go as they please during these conference periods. If one absents himself too frequently, and without a reasonable excuse, he undergoes the same experience which would befall him in the business world: he is expelled from the institution. Each student has two of these conferences every morning, and in the afternoon does laboratory or "field" work, the latter term including athletics. His evenings are not free, for on most nights of the week he is required to attend a lecture, concert, or some other form of educational activity which is a part of the curriculum. After trying the new system for six months, both students and fa-

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culty are said to have voted overwhelmingly for its retention. It is an interesting experiment, certainly, and one worth watching. But what will the Florida boosters say to an institution which deliberately puts quality ahead of quantity; which proposes to remain small and good, when it might grow large and inferior? Dr. Holt will have to be careful, or a delegation of Miami realtors will come up and lynch him for heresy.

A Test for Governor Smith

THE annual tournament between Governor Smith and the legislature of New York has come to an end, and superficially it is a drawn battle. The Republicans have conceded practically nothing to him. They have not been afraid to block the water-power and other legislation which he has most desired to bring about. The Governor's improved prospect of obtaining the Democratic nomination for President has doubtless stiffened their opposition to him. If he is to be nominated, it is important to undermine his prestige, and to treat every opportunity for a quarrel with him as a preliminary skirmish of the battle of 1928. This they have done, and by doing it they have forced on Governor Smith a somewhat difficult choice. If he devotes all his energy to carrying on his fight with them, he will be neglecting his task, as presidential candidate, of introducing himself to his fellow citizens in other states. Yet if he occupies himself chiefly with improving his chances of nomination, he will scarcely have time to convince the voters of New York that the Republicans have betrayed the public interest by their refusal to set up a state water power authority.

According to Mr. Smith's previously announced program, he will stick to his knitting as Governor of New York, and let his presidential candidacy take care of itself. These tactics are fundamentally sound, but he cannot afford to let them run away with him. If he is to be nominated Democratic candidate for President, under conditions which will give him some chance of being elected, he must begin the task of transposing himself from a local into a national political leader. As a candidate for the votes of all his fellow countrymen, he has a great many prejudices to overcome, and an essential job of country-wide self-popularization to perform. In his own state, his popularity is unique. He is a man of the people, with initiative and courage, whose political adroitness does not prevent him from being a statesman. The ordinary voters find him enormously interesting, and they have gradually acquired complete confidence in him. Yet there is nothing of the demagogue about him. His party opponents respect him and vote for him in large numbers. The rest of the country knows him, however, only by report. The small-town dry Americans of the Middle West are disposed to turn away from him, and to suspect his character, the nature of his influence and good faith. If he is to be elected as well as nominated, he must persuade them that, in spite of being a New York Tammany Irish-Catholic politician, he is as thorough and as all-around an American of 1928 as Abraham Lincoln was an all-around American of 1860. He cannot begin too soon.

An opportunity of beginning this transposition is his for the taking. The most obvious and the gravest obstacle to his nomination and election is his allegiance to the Catholic Church. Some weeks ago, the New Republic pointed out that the Governor and his friends had probably made a mistake in ignoring this obstacle or in treating those who considered it a stumbling block as morally contemptible. His non-Catholic fellow countrymen can reasonably ask a Catholic who offers himself as a candidate for the presidency to assure them that, if elected, he will not allow his allegiance to the Church to interfere with his loyalty to the state. In an "Open Letter to Governor Smith" in the April issue of the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. Charles C. Marshall ably and learnedly reënforces this demand. He proves by quotations from recent Popes that the Church claims, in the event of conflict, the superiority of Catholic ecclesiastical to political authority. He asks the Governor to declare whether, as President, he will act on this theory.

It is doubtful whether Governor Smith can return an entirely satisfactory answer to this challenge. As a loyal Catholic, he is bound by the Papal exposition of the canon laws. Pope Pius IX in his syllabus asserted: "To say in the case of conflicting laws enacted by the Two Powers [Church and State] the civil law prevails, is error." Governor Smith cannot unequivocally repudiate this doctrine. Yet, as President, he could not act on it without impairing the kind of loyalty to the civil power which Americans expect of the executive chief of their state. It is a genuine and a difficult predicament for him; and it is a predicament which is created by the outstanding facts of his personal origin and history. Unless he deals with it candidly and not too ingeniously, he will begin his career as presidential candidate by a kind of subterfuge which is common enough among politicians but which would be fatal to him.

As a matter of fact, the opposition between the pretensions of political and Catholic ecclesiastical authority is not as sharp or as dangerous in practice as it is in theory. The Catholic Church, although it has not ceased and cannot cease to assert itself as the only ultimate and righteous government of the world, avoids rather than seeks occasions of opposing its commands to those of a political sovereign, and it is very rarely that such occasions occur. There is no country in the world in which loyalty to the state is more hearty, exclusive, absolute and intolerant than it is with the ordinary American. Yet according to our observation, the ordinary Catholic

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shares in this devotion rather than feels any scruples about it. Governor Smith himself is obviously in this respect a regular American. He has none of the temper, the philosophy or the preoccupations of a man who is capable of envisaging the Catholic Church as the source of a superhuman authority which has a right to challenge and defeat the decisions of the state. Those who know Al Smith do not doubt that he is what the French during the religious wars called a "politique." But not very many know him, and the prejudices of many interfere with their knowing him. He must somehow communicate to his fellow countrymen the fact that he is an American first and a Catholic only second.

It would be unfair and ungenerous to ask him to do this in a way which would bring down upon him the condemnation and enmity of the Catholic hierarchy. In its necessary adjustments of the Church to the state, the doctors of the canon law have invented compromises which a good Catholic may invoke in order to testify that he is an equally loyal citizen. The theoretical aspect of the matter is not the important aspect. Mr. Marshall emphasizes the fact that the Constitution declares the United States shall hold in equal favor different kinds of religion or no religion, while the Pope declares it is not lawful to hold them in equal favor. But if there is any danger at present of committing the state to religious partiality, it comes from the Protestant fundamentalists and their attempt, for alleged religious reasons, to prevent the teaching of evolution in the state schools. The independent educational system of the Catholic Church enables it to evade the conflict between the fundamentalism of its own doctrine and the anti-fundamentalist tendency of much teaching of science. In this connection, it is also interesting to remember that although the final voice of legal authority in the United States is the Supreme Court, there is no objection to appointing Catholics to the Chief Justiceship. Chief Justices Taney and White, both Catholics, occupied the office during a little less than a third of the whole life of the nation, and no one has been able to allege any instance in which their loyalty to the Church was allowed to interfere or threatened to interfere with their loyalty to the Constitution.

The real conflict may occur not in the region of law but in the region of policy. The discretionary power of the President is, of course, enormously greater than that of the Chief Justice. What his non-Catholic friends can reasonably ask for Governor Smith in this respect is a warm and obviously sincere affirmation of the duty of the President to deal with political questions in the light of political principles and realities. Governor Smith has, fortunately or unfortunately, a perfect occasion to indicate by means of a concrete decision whether he will allow his Catholicism to dominate his judgment in dealing with a vexed question, which, from the point of view of a President of the United States, should be decided on wholly political grounds. The present Mexican government is outlawed by the Catholic Church. Catholics in this country have rallied fiercely to the support of their Church. They have frankly advocated the adoption of a policy by the United States which would destroy the offensive Mexican government. Many of Mr. Smith's fellow citizens would like to know whether he agrees that President Calles and his associates have, as a consequence of their treatment of the Catholic Church, justified a President of the United States in using his power to bring about their downfall.

This question demands on Governor Smith's part an unequivocal answer. It is a question involving a conflict between political and Catholic ecclesiastical authority, about which he himself, as President, would have something to say or do. Only a few Presidents of the United States have ever had to act on a question of public policy in which their loyalty to the Catholic Church would so explicitly demand of them an action which might not and, in our opinion, would not be justified by the moral and political welfare of their nation. But if Mr. Smith is elected he would be placed in this position, and, in our opinion, it provides him with an opportunity which is as decisive as it is rare. For, instead of answering Mr. Marshall by proclaiming obedience to principles which may be ambiguous, or by testifying to a patriotic loyalty which makes up by heat for what it lacks in specification, he can declare that as President he would not be influenced in his dealings with the Mexican government by its condemnation at the hands of his own Church. If such a declaration implies disloyalty to the Catholic hierarchy, his fellow citizens have a right in this respect to demand disloyalty of him. It is up to him to declare himself.

Massachusetts—There She Stands

CITIZENS of other states who have recently become accustomed to regarding public utility commissions as either weak or complaisant creatures may look with envy on Massachusetts. For, in a special report to the House of Representatives, released on March 15, the Department of Public Utilities of the Commonwealth has issued a ringing defiance to the utilities of that state, and incidentally to the Supreme Court of the United States. It intends to protect the consumers of gas and of electric current, and suggests ways of doing so, no matter what the courts decide about valuation.

The situation arose in this way. Massachusetts long ago established the principle that it would so regulate the rates charged by public utilities that they would earn only a fair return on the money actually put into the business by investors. In pursuit of this aim, it supervises the accounts and the financing of the companies, so that the observer may know, broadly, how much that investment really is. It has refused to sanction engineering revaluations on the basis of cost of reproduction. It has refused

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to include intangibles in the value. It has frowned on capitalization of surplus profits put back into the business. Such modern frills as issuance of no-par value stock are not allowed.

The citizen can look at the financial reports of the utility companies and learn from them, roughly, what the investors have put in; he can compare the return with that investment; and he can tell whether it appears too large or too small. He can, on that basis, agitate for a reduction of rates, leaving the company to prove, if it can, that the return is not too high, all things considered. A high return might possibly be justified on the ground that much of the investment was made before the War, when prices were lower, or that it constituted a reward for extraordinary and praiseworthy efficiency, or that it represented a conservative policy of reinvesting surpluses which did not arise from unreasonably high rates. But at least all the cards are on the table. In other states, all the cards are not on the table. There have been revaluations on the basis of reproduction cost, capitalization of intangibles such as "going value" and franchises, reorganizations of the capital structure. The consumer cannot easily learn what the return on the investment is; but he is told that the percentage of return on the "fair value," rigged in some such way as indicated, is some considerably smaller figure. If he wants rates lowered, he has to enter an intricate legal controversy concerning what that value should be, with all the odds against him. What the investors are actually receiving on their money well-nigh disappears from the picture.

It now appears that many citizens of Massachusetts, noting the large earnings of the utilities, have been agitating for lower rates. And it appears that the utilities threaten to run to the Supreme Court for protection. They want to capitalize surpluses, they want to issue stock of no par value. It is indicated that in the event of adverse decisions on rates, they will appeal to the federal courts, hoping that Supreme Court decisions such as that in the Indianapolis water case, which specified that the valuation must be on the basis of spot reproduction cost, plus going value, will be followed in their case.

The Department of Public Utilities does not intend to stand idly by and see this happen. Its report returns to first principles when it says:

> The public utility corporations in this state are given the right to organize to perform a public service which the public might otherwise undertake itself. The state gives to them permits to use the public highways; it grants to them the privilege of taking private property by the exercise of the sovereign power of eminent domain, and, to a large extent, protects them from adverse and unwise competition. In exchange for these unusual privileges, the public of Massachusetts have assumed that they had the right to regulate the utilities to such an extent as would assure their obtaining the public service furnished by the utilities at as cheap a rate as the capital invested in the service could reasonably be expected to produce. When the people of this Commonwealth adopted a policy of obtaining that public service, which the utilities are organized to furnish, by the employment of private capital through a regulated monopoly, which service they might otherwise have furnished directly themselves, they little dreamed that they would be required, in the regulation of rates, to enter into protracted investigations of the fair value of the property employed in the undertaking, ascertained by a theoretical calculation of what it would cost to reproduce the property, less its actual depreciation, on each and every such occasion, with its necessary large expenses, all of which eventually must be paid by the taxpayer.

What then? Suppose the Supreme Court does decide that reproduction cost is the proper base for the utility companies' values, and that the "findings in relation to their values are subject to review in each instance by the federal court." Why, then, the Department is confident "that the people of this state will conclude that the regulation of gas and electric companies under such conditions is too cumbersome, inefficient and expensive to be tolerated."

In that event, two courses will be open, says the Department. One is public operation. The other is to offer the several utilities a choice between, first, a contract with the state "whereby the rates may be readily, efficiently and inexpensively regulated," and, second, "free and unlimited competition by municipalities." That the state might easily enforce such a choice is indicated by the statement that "the rights granted to public utility corporations in the highways have been given subject to revocation by the state, and there would seem to be nothing unreasonable in the state's exercising this power of revocation, which it has reserved to itself, when it finds it cannot, in its judgment, adequately regulate the activities and the rates charged for service by gas and electric companies."

The process would be to offer the companies a contractual relationship which would specify the basis of their capitalization, the method of rate regulation, and other essential matters. Such companies as did not accept the contract would suffer revocation of their franchises. The municipalities would be given all necessary legal powers to proceed with plants of their own in such cases. "Public ownership and operation of electric plants is not an untried experiment in this Commonwealth. There are at the present time over forty municipal plants in successful operation. In most of the municipalities where these plants are in operation the rates for electricity are lower than the rates of private companies operating in adjacent territory." So much for the efficiency of public ownership. It may be that, owing to the coming of large central stations and interconnections, any small plant is coming to be less efficient than a large system, but that will merely furnish an impetus for the extension of public operation, if the private companies decline to be reasonable.

There is the challenge. Will the utilities, under the circumstances, attempt to upset the Massachu-

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setts rule? Will the Supreme Court, if they do, follow the precedent of the Indianapolis water case? When that decision was announced, the New Republic pointed out that the logical outcome would be a turning toward public ownership. A publicly owned plant has to earn a return only on the cost of the investment. If regulation of private plants is forced by law to allow much more than this, the public is bound, some time, to exercise its right to compete. Perception of this logic has been remarkably prompt in two great states. Governor Smith of New York has employed the Indianapolis decision to reinforce the desirability of his proposal for public power development. Massachusetts now threatens to fall in line. The utilities may find that judicial warrant for high valuations and large returns has been won at too great a cost. Not forever will the political tide run in favor of the promoters and profiteers.

The Chicago Election

ON April 5, the people of Chicago will have an opportunity to choose between continuing the present generally respectable administration of Mayor Dever and returning to the flagrant and unblushing corruption of William Hale Thompson. The former is a Democrat and the latter a Republican, but, except for the rival machines, party lines play no part in the campaign. At the present time, if crowds and shouting can be accepted as an indication, Thompson is in the lead. The campaign offers so many intricacies, however, and is being fought from so many angles, that its result cannot be predicted. Thompson may be elected by a majority which will surprise even his campaign managers—and he may be defeated.

The return of Thompson to the scene of his former triumphs is a story in itself. Four years ago he did not dare to show his head. For two terms his henchmen had fed uninterruptedly at the public trough, and the measure of their iniquity was full. After Thompson went out of office, Fred Lundin, his chief adviser, Dr. E. S. Davis, Chairman of the Board of Education, and W. A. Bither, Attorney for that body, were indicted for fraud, and the last named was convicted. So-called experts were found to have been paid $2,964,975 for services in the valuation of property needed for public improvements, and were sued along with Thompson for its recovery. It seemed as if Thompson were *spurlos versenkt*.

His resurrection is due to political exigencies. The Cook County Republicans are divided into two main clans, one headed by Senator Deneen, the other by Charles V. Barrett, who, as a member of the Board of Review, possesses the coercive power of taxation, and Robert E. Crowe, who, as State's Attorney, holds the sword of the law over the community. There are various smaller clans, that of ex-Attorney General Brundage, another of partisans of Governor Small. Thompson had formerly been a political ally of Governor Small; but the Governor's indictment by Brundage for theft of interest on funds while state treasurer, his narrow escape through mistrial by a jury, afterward shown to have been bribed, and his pending impeachment, had converted him politically from an asset to a liability. Thompson and Crowe had been bitter opponents. Thompson so late as 1924 declared: "Ladies and gentlemen, any time you'll find that I am in the same political bed with Bobby Crowe, the Barrett brothers, Ed Brundage, who was the cause of killing Governor Small's wife . . . then you'll know that Bill Thompson has turned out to be a crook." The great showdown between the Deneen and Crowe clans came at the primary of 1926, and Thompson in his own words "turned out to be a crook." He was in bed with Crowe, the Barretts and Brundage. That primary has been exhaustively studied by Mr. Carroll Hill Woody, whose book, "The Chicago Primary of 1926," published by the University of Chicago Press, is a complete "Who's Who" for Cook County politicians, and a comprehensive account of the tangled threads of a political campaign, such as partisanship, business, booze, crime, bribery, legal persecution or immunity, taxation, journalism, and reform—as well as of actual violence and fraud at the polls. The result of the primary of 1926 was the complete triumph of the Crowe-Barrett machine. As a by-product came the defeat of Senator McKinley, who had the formal endorsement of both Deneen and Crowe, and the election of Smith, who had the support of Samuel Insull.

The primary of 1926 brought Thompson into the mayoralty race of 1927. A postal-card vote called for his nomination, and the primary ratified it by an immense majority. Many Democrats voted in the Republican primary for Thompson, blandly explaining that they thought him the easiest man to beat. It is reported that George Brennan, the Democratic state boss, addressed his lieutenants in no ambiguous terms on their error, for Thompson's majority in the primary has given his campaign an impetus which it will be hard to check.

The Dever administration has not been beyond criticism. For one thing, the patronage has been largely handled by Mr. Brennan, though the higher places have, for the most part, been filled in a nonpartisan spirit by men and women of ability and disinterestedness. In some matters, the Dever administration is the victim of its own ideals. The Mayor has tried honestly to enforce prohibition. The difficulty of obtaining alcoholic drink under such conditions as prevail in New York has irritated the drinking upper class, and brought sickness and death to the drinking lower class. Dever has tried to keep graft out of the City Hall, with the effect of diffusing it. Not only the underworld but respectable business, which under Thompson paid for its protection at fixed rates in sealed envelopes, is weary of the capricious extortion of the local police station or the policeman on the beat. A serious scandal

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has threatened to break over the unofficial connection of the Mayor's adopted son with the regulation of soft-drink parlors. It is to be noted, however, that everyone who is conspicuously working for a better Chicago is on the side of Mayor Dever. Social workers generally declare that they receive quite unprecedented coöperation from the present administration. They regard its undoubted good-will and good faith as far outweighing its failures in practical performance. They look with horror on the return of Thompson, for which the underworld is waiting with scarcely disguised impatience.

One phase of the campaign, difficult to estimate and discuss, is the race aspect. Thompson has the Negro wards solidly behind him, and, with control of the election machinery, may register almost any number of votes necessary to election. He has won the support of the political leaders, who are largely in the entertainment business, and the affection of the rank and file by kissing babies and other honest arts of popularity. Mayor Dever has sought to keep the black and tan joints under due restraint. A police raid on some of them recently was magnified into an attack on the liberties of the Negro race. One of those closed bears the sign: "Will reopen April 6." It is most unfortunate that the race issue should be injected into any political campaign; but the plain fact is that, if Thompson's election should make Chicago, in the words of his colored partisans, "the Mecca of the Negro Race," and lead to an influx of 200,000 Negroes from the South, as they prophesy, it will be a source of danger. The last race war took place under Thompson; Negroes should remember the failure of the police to afford them protection, and the failure of the legal authorities to inflict anything like adequate punishment on the aggressors in that despicable affair. Other races, of which Chicago has many, are involved. The Poles are for Dever. The Italians and Germans seem to be for Thompson. The Irish would naturally be for Dever, but a feature of Thompson's campaign is his attack on King George, and few Irishmen can resist an opportunity to slay the brutal tyrant with a vote for Big Bill. For all the rest, Thompson has a comprehensive slogan. It is "America First."

One thing which astonishes the looker-on is the fact that the local transportation issue has been thus far scarcely mentioned in the contest. For years, Thompson, like Hylan, lived on the five-cent fare. Two years ago, Dever made the campaign of his life on a plan to buy out the present traction companies with bonds issued by the city and secured by the properties in question. It was defeated. Now the franchises on the surface lines have expired and the companies are operating on a day-to-day basis. Once more the streets belong to the city, yet no one mentions the fact. It is understood that both parties have agreed to pass ordinances satisfactory to the companies, that the surface and elevated lines will be consolidated, and that the only difference between Thompson and Dever in regard to traction is as to the amount of recognition to be given to the Elevated. The elevated lines are controlled by Samuel Insull. There is plausibility in the report that Thompson stands for granting Insull $90,000,000 for his elevated lines, while Dever would hold him down to $62,000,000, and that the chief question of the campaign is how much of his prospective $28,000,000 Insull is willing to bet on Thompson's election.

Unquestionably, behind the vulgar Falstaffian figure of Thompson, stands the smug, dapper villain of the piece. The alliance is an old one. In 1915, Insull is supposed to have given $100,000 to Thompson's campaign fund. After the election, Insull put the law firm of Schuyler, Ettelson and Weinfeld on his gas company's pay-roll, and Thompson made Ettelson corporation counsel of the city. In the suit of the city against the gas company for $10,000,000 illegally collected, the City Council appointed Donald R. Richberg, who had won other cases for the city against the gas company. Ettelson attempted to make Richberg throw the case, and, when that failed, he tried to have him removed. Throughout his eight years of office, Thompson did his utmost to block Richberg in his fight against the People's Gas Company. It is a safe bet, if Thompson is elected, that what happened in the case of Insull's gas will happen in the case of Insull's traction interests.

There can be no doubt that the reconciliation between Thompson and Robert E. Crowe was brought about by Insull. In the primary of 1926, according to his confession to the Senate investigating committee, Insull contributed heavily to all parties and factions, but $40,000 he steadily refused to account for. It is believed in Chicago that this sum was paid to rehabilitate Thompson with the machine, or otherwise to establish his campaign for the mayoralty. To confess its purpose would have ruined Thompson. The United States Senate permitted Insull to get away with his refusal. We are opposed to third-degree methods, but, if they are ever justified, this was the time: when failure to secure a confession may wreck for a generation the cause of good government in the second city of the country.

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Who Makes Our Foreign Policy?

NOW and then, a crisis occurs in the relations between the United States and some other country. Immediately, it appears in the dispatches from Washington that the American government has "a policy." It wants certain things. It doesn't want certain other things. It "makes representations," demands its own way. Sometimes it even threatens—in polite language, of course—dire consequences if it is balked.

All this must make the Ideal Innocent Voter (and if he doesn't exist, I hereby invent him) rub his eyes in amazement. Where, he might very well ask, does this mysterious policy-of-the-United-States come from? Who decides whether, at any given moment, we shall love like a brother or hate like a rattlesnake? And what has the I. I. V. to do with it, up to the time when he is asked to shoulder a gas mask and go out and make good on the dire consequences aforesaid?

I

It is pleasing to be able to tell the I. I. V. that there is, in truth, a factory in which the foreign policy of the United States is produced. It is a large, long building, gray and ornate. Erected before the days of the present mode in architecture, which goes in for the general effect of a bar of soap on a piece of billiard cloth, it is a dull edifice even for Washington, a city of banal structures. Yet it is not without interest. Within its gray walls, in a nest of offices scattered along wide, cool corridors and concealed behind swinging saloon doors, are the men who run the United States Army, those who conduct the affairs of the Navy, and finally, those who have more responsibility than anybody else for bringing about or averting situations in which the Army and Navy find employment. In other words: the personnel of the State Department.

There are several popular theories as to the way in which American foreign policy is made, none of which is entirely true. Some people believe that the voters are finally responsible, when they elect one set of candidates to national office instead of another. But this is a statement greatly over-simplified, and to some extent false. For elections, as a rule, turn on domestic issues. Voters know even less about foreign affairs than they do about internal problems. The administration can always appeal for support in its dealing abroad, whether it be right or wrong, on the ground that patriotism requires that the country "stand behind the President." Finally, in its relations with other countries, it is in a peculiarly advantageous position to control the sources of news. It can suppress or distort facts so as to make almost any policy, no matter how unjust or vicious, appear right and inevitable. No: the voter doesn't make foreign policies; he only pays, with his money or his life, for the bad ones.

Theory also says that the President, with aid from several official sources, decides what the attitude of the United States shall be. This is largely true, when the Chief Executive is a Roosevelt or a Wilson; but, practically speaking, it is not true at all when he is a Coolidge. Yet foreign policies go on. They are continuous from administration to administration; there is no interruption when Secretaries of State are appointed or resign.

Treaties are made, you will remember, "with the advice and consent of the Senate"; and this provision is sometimes of great importance, as in 1920. But it affords a veto power only, a negative influence. The Senate can prevent ratification of an agreement; but it cannot initiate a policy of which the President does not approve. Neither can it prevent such actions by the administration as do not result in formal agreements which need to be ratified, though these are sometimes of enormous importance. It has little power to change a policy which is seen to be leading us into trouble. To be sure, only Congress has the right to declare war; but it is the most commonplace of truisms that any President can in a few weeks' time maneuver the country into a position where Congress has virtually no choice and must give him whatever support he demands.

The men who have most to do with the actual shaping of foreign policy, then, are those whom I have already mentioned, the permanent staff of the State Department. If we would understand how the American attitude is determined, we must know something of these men: who they are, where they come from, and how they do their work.

II

The State Department, in the first place, is a larger and more complicated organism than most people probably realize. It has 3,700 employees, of whom 600 are in Washington and the remainder throughout the world in 51 diplomatic missions and 386 consular offices. At the top, of course, is the Secretary of State, a political appointee whose tenure is usually short. Generally speaking, he knows little about the Department except what he learns while in office. Next comes the Under-Secretary, (who is now Mr. Joseph C. Grew), followed by four assistant secretaries. One of these has charge of commercial matters, and a second, administration and official ceremonies. The third directs the consular branch and the departmental budget, while the fourth disposes of matters pertaining to the municipal and international

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law, arbitrations, passports and citizenship papers.

An important officer is the solicitor, the Department's principal law adviser, who has at present eighteen main assistants. There is an economic adviser with a large staff. There is a division of political and economic information, whose function is explained by its title. The division of current information handles the routine relationship with the newspaper men. (These also have regular conferences with Secretary Kellogg and sometimes with other individuals.)

A group of special bureaus takes care of all foreign affairs, on a geographical basis. One division handles the Far East, another Western Europe, another Latin America. There is a special bureau for Eastern Europe and one for Mexico. Coöperating with all of these is the Foreign Service Personnel Board, one of whose tasks is to keep up the morale of American diplomatic representatives in all parts of the world.

When any specific problem arises, it is referred to all the divisions of the State Department which are interested. Primarily, it will be handled by the division charged with the responsibility for looking after affairs in that particular part of the world. The legal aspects will be considered by the solicitor's office. Economic problems will be taken up by the economic adviser, necessary facts furnished by the division of political and economic information, and so on. Conferences will be held, memoranda interchanged. When it is deemed necessary, the question will be passed up to the Secretary of State, and he, in turn, may discuss it with the President. The Cabinet may consider it—though a surprisingly large number of important policies have failed to be mentioned at meetings of that body, according to subsequent statements of the members.

Naturally, all the individuals consulted use their "best judgment" in trying to decide what course ought to be followed in any given situation. But a best judgment does not come from a clear sky. It is shaped by powerful forces, some of which function without ever getting into the consciousness of the individuals concerned. What are these forces?

One of them is precedent. All governments are tradition-ridden; and despite popular opinion to the contrary, that of the United States hardly any less so than the rest. A great part of our foreign policy is not created but inherited. If it is shaped at all, this is done slowly and almost imperceptibly, as a small body of men might change the course of a great river winding across a plain, here by building levees and there by digging away the banks. The first question always asked is: What have we done before under similar circumstances, or under circumstances which can be construed as offering a parallel?

For half a century, the Department's perambulating index of precedent was Mr. A. A. Adee, who died a few months ago. This gentleman, with an active mind and a tenacious memory, knew exactly what should be done under every possible set of circumstances. He is irreplaceable; though some of his work is done by the office of Coördination and Review, headed by Miss Margaret M. Hanna.

III

Needless to say, many situations arise for which the past offers no adequate parallel; or changing conditions in the course of time make it clear, even to the thickest-headed official, that policies once followed are no longer appropriate. When this is true, it is obvious that two other factors come into play. One of these is the aim and function of American foreign diplomacy as the State Department views it; and the other is the point of view, the characteristic psychology, of the men who seek to translate that ideal into action.

Within the limits of this article, I cannot discuss the historic role of the State Department in the country's affairs. It has played many parts and, as is true of all human institutions, has been of varying value. When we come to the function of the Department as it is conceived today by the men responsible for it, I think it is adequately summed up in a sentence from an official booklet, "The American Foreign Service," which anyone may buy for ten cents from the Superintendent of Documents.

"In the present era of industrial and commercial expansion," says this booklet on page 1, "modern democratic diplomacy is more and more basing itself on fundamental national economic interests—modified, rather than determined, by racial, traditional and geographic factors."

While the State Department and its foreign service of course handle many problems wholly unconnected with business, it is fair to say that its chief job is to further the economic interests of American business men abroad. This activity has many phases. It includes the supplying of information about markets, and the conditions under which business may be done (facts which are also furnished by the commercial attachés of the Department of Commerce). It involves advice and assistance for individuals or corporations in trouble. Commercial treaties and other agreements are negotiated, ranging all the way from an understanding for most-favored-nation treatment in some tiny principality, to a declaration for the open door in China. Beginning with harmless, and indeed eminently desirable, activities of a routine character, it goes on to close collaboration with great banking houses in overseeing the affairs of an entire country.

The Department would, of course, tell you that its first concern is to preserve an atmosphere of harmony and good-will between the United States and other nations; and so far as the officials are consciously aware, probably they do not often violate this principle. In so far as they do, it is likely to be the result of another element: the all-important human equation. For policies do not execute themselves *in vacuo;* they are carried out by men.

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IV

By long tradition, a career in American diplomacy has been virtually impossible for anyone who did not have private means of his own. The service has been a happy hunting ground for rich men's sons, who found business vulgar and idling tiresome. The Rogers Bill, passed in 1924, reorganized the service, but did not do away with this condition. In recent weeks, the press has been filled with reports of internal dissension between the consular and diplomatic personnel, with charges of favoritism, of control by a clique which advances men on a basis of social influence, ignoring ability and loyal endeavor. The matter has reached a stage where it seems inevitable that an explosion will take place which will be followed by at least a partial and temporary reformation.

That reformation, however, is not likely to repair the main faults with which I am here concerned. For, no matter what is done, it is certain that the great majority of the actual administrators of the Department will remain what they are today: men of wealth, of high social position and of the philosophy and outlook on life which these two factors breed in America. While there are, of course, some individual exceptions, as there are in all large groups, it is, on the whole, fair to say that these gentlemen share the characteristics of their class and economic position. They are, for the most part, conservative in their economic and political views. They feel the world was made for the white race, for Americans in particular, and for "successful" Americans most of all. When they are in the foreign service, if they are assigned to a post in Latin America, or Japan or China, many of them make little effort to understand and enter sympathetically into the point of view of the people among whom they live. It is not impossible, for example, for one of them to live in China for a long period of time without ever once having a Chinese guest, or being a guest in a Chinese home, save on the few perfunctory occasions required by diplomatic etiquette. Essentially, theirs is the "damned nigger" theory of race relationships, which was for so long the keystone of the British diplomacy in Africa and Asia.

To be sure, not all the work of shaping foreign policy is done by the professionals. There are also the political appointees, the ministers and ambassadors, shirt-sleeve diplomats, whose ignorance of international procedure, and sometimes even of the procedure of the dinner table, is so often a source of mirth to their silken young assistants. Generally speaking, they find themselves almost helpless in the hands of the professionals, and it takes a man of the greatest force of character, and the most positive ideas of his own, to break away. Moreover, the amateur diplomat is not necessarily of the benevolent variety. He, also (and particularly if he is to occupy an important post), is likely to be a person of substantial private means, and the conservatism which usually goes with that position in life. He may be appointed for any one of a number of reasons, but certainly one of the last things to be considered is his knowledge of, and ability to deal with, the foreigners among whom he is to work.

In view of the enormous importance of a knowledge of the psychology of the alien races, it would seem fairly obvious that a cardinal point in the diplomacy of the United States, or any other power, should be the attempt to arm its representatives as fully as possible in this regard. Here and there, a few such efforts may be made; but there is no endeavor in the American Foreign Service to develop a technique to this end or to insure even a minimum amount of definite training for the individual. Whatever the theory, the fact is that the main current of thought on this whole subject sets in the opposite direction. The common view is that it is undesirable from the point of view of our national interests to pay too much attention to the wishes of other people: "our country is strong enough to take its own line and make the other fellow follow it." The men who argue thus are the same who say that, in dealing with "inferior peoples," you must make them afraid of you, lest they should think that you are afraid of them.

V

What will be the attitude of men of the type we find in our State Department toward public opinion? To what degree will they respond to a strong belief on the part of the country in general, expressed through newspaper editorials, speeches, resolutions of organizations and letters of individuals, that any policy they are pursuing is unwise and unjust? The recorded facts show, I think, that these gentlemen, collectively at least, give little heed to the admonitions of their fellow citizens. They take it for granted that the public is badly informed: indeed, they make it their business, a good share of the time, to see that this is the case. It is obvious, from repeated instances, that they resent strongly any effort on the part of House or Senate committees to find out what is going on. Whenever there is the least excuse—and sometimes when there is none—they hide behind the plea that to reveal their secrets is "incompatible with the public interest." When they do not take refuge in this, they sometimes return answers so equivocal in character that they are tantamount to a misstatement. Their unexpressed but dominant desire is, so far as they are able, to carry on international relations without the voters' knowledge or consent.

There is, of course, political pressure upon the State Department. The President, who is, in theory, the final arbiter in these matters, invariably has his eye on the next national election. A State Department policy which proves violently unpopular is a matter of concern for him, and for the party politicians who advise him. Subject to the provisos that the voter's memory is short, so that anything which happens a year before the election is likely to have

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been forgotten, and that, as I have said, elections usually turn on domestic issues, anyhow, he is certain to bring pressure to bear upon the Department, when the public outcry becomes too strong.

But pressure to do what? In nine cases out of ten, it is *pressure to be more discreet.* The Department does not abandon its aims. It may postpone them; it may camouflage them; it may go underground for a time. But it doesn't reverse itself merely because "outsiders" disapprove of what it is doing. Take Mexico as an illustration: not in many years has such a definite, violent and unanimous public opinion registered itself as was recorded in opposition to the actions of the State Department in the early months of 1927. Only the most grimly loyal administration newspapers defended the course; practically all other public expression was in opposition to it. What was the result? The Department was sufficiently impressed to wait a few weeks until Congress had adjourned, and inconvenient critics like Senator Borah had been deprived of their forum. Then it went calmly, inexorably ahead with its own program.

VI

What I have written will suggest to the astute reader that, while the Department is impervious to public opinion, its attitude toward the business man who comes seeking its assistance is far otherwise. To recapitulate: the Department regards itself as the attorney for the American trader or investor abroad; it consistently maintains on behalf of these groups a tacit doctrine of extra-territoriality, particularly in Latin America; there is a temperamental unity between the wealthy, conservative men in the Department and the similar individuals who seek their assistance. Assured social position is for them a bond of understanding; so is a common cynical contempt for "inferior races" and an impatient disdain for those "unpractical idealists" who would like to see our relations with weaker countries mutualized. In an administration which is so completely committed to giving aid and comfort to big business as is the present one, the rapprochement between these forces and the State Department is stronger than ever before.

And, of course, it was never so dangerous. For it comes just at the time when the rising tides of nationalism are sweeping through those parts of the world which have hitherto been the helpless prey of economic and political exploitation. No attempt is made to study and interpret these tides, to find out what they may hold for good as well as for evil, to accommodate policies to these forces which are already great and certainly will be greater. On the contrary, at the moment when imperialism is face to face with the greatest challenge in its history, we proceed to a ruthless attempt to continue and extend an economic and political domination which has no justification except our superior military strength.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Outwitting American Unionism

A DELEGATION of metal workers, representing several European countries, recently visited the United States and made some comparative studies of industrial conditions here and abroad. Their conclusions were:

"It cannot be denied that the actual wages in the United States are considerably higher than in Europe. . . . With few exceptions, there are no legislative regulations existing for the protection of the workman. In this regard the employers are not restricted in any way whatsoever. Strange to say, likewise the workmen and their organizations do not appear to give any great attention to the social questions. . . . With the Americans, the longer time goes on, just so much the more the necessity for social legislation will also make itself felt. . . . Since there are no governmental social legislative laws, the manufacturer has taken upon himself to make certain arrangements along this line in his own establishment. All of these arrangements, such as the pension system, the insurance systems, savings-banks, etc., are not sufficient, however, for the workman, inasmuch as there are differences existing between one concern and another, and the workman becomes ever more dependent upon the concern. There is no doubt that the European system is greatly to be preferred to the American system."

That intelligent European workers should, in spite of their admission of the higher wages paid in this country, still prefer the European system, may be surprising to those of us who have always believed in our social and economic superiority. Their conclusions warrant a revaluation of our own conditions and prospects.

Since 1920, the membership of the American Federation of Labor has been decreasing almost steadily from its peak of 4,078,740 to 2,803,966 for the fiscal year of 1926. This decline may be ascribed to the mushroom growth of the movement during the War. What is not so easy to account for, however, is the diminishing attendance at union meetings, the decadence and spiritlessness of the movement, the vanishing of the early missionary zeal, the absence of its earlier humane appeal, and, especially, the decline of the movement as a vital, permeating, social and political influence in the United States. The rapid development, during the last ten years, of the company unions, which are now estimated to embrace about as many workers as are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, is making even the die-hard labor leaders ponder as to "What's wrong with the American Labor Movement?" In seeking an understanding of this present inertia, labor leaders have sought to credit it to everything, from jazz and radio to President Coolidge and the Communists. Yet one important cause which should not be overlooked is

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the amazing development of employers' welfare work.

Throughout the history of the American Federation of Labor, its outstanding leaders have helped to sow among the working classes the doctrine of individual action and distrust of the state, as against the doctrine of social and state action generally accepted by the workers abroad, and by students of labor, and progressives, in the United States. As a result, the insecurities arising from our present economic conditions, such as the risks of sickness, old age, widowhood, orphanage and unemployment, have remained constant terrors to the wage-earner. Our higher standard of living has not banished these fears. On the contrary, the American worker may feel them even more keenly because of the greater disintegration of the family unit in this country, and because of the higher standard of living to which he has become habituated. While there is hardly another industrial country today in which these hazards have not been ameliorated by constructive social action, little or nothing has been done in the United States, through action by labor, to remove these dreaded apparitions. At least, the labor movement would keep its skirts clean from such "socialistic" menaces. The American worker was to be kept away from his brethren abroad, and, like his employer, he was urged to provide from his own meager means against all these emergencies. If in the end he was forced to become a recipient of charity, or go to the poor house, at least he could be proud that he remained an "independent American."

It is significant that, except in the case of workmen's compensation, the leaders of the American Federation of Labor, until a few years ago, have been steadily opposed to state or federal action aiming to remove these industrial hazards. They have urged, instead, individual savings and individual insurance. At best, they have provided but meager protection through the trade unions, financed directly from the union dues, not one penny of the expense being shared by the employers. Some unions, such as those in the clothing industries, have established effective unemployment insurance, but the number covered is small in comparison with the total number of wage-earners. Like the employers, American labor leaders have raged and stormed against the dangers of state paternalism, while they failed to realize that even worse than state paternalism, where, at least under democratic control, the workers have a vote, might be the benevolent feudalism of management, in which they are given no voice at all.

But while the A. F. of L. leadership was busy exhorting the workmen as to the doctrines of their colleagues of the National Civic Federation and of the editors of Iron Age, the employers knew better. They were aware that as long as the wage-worker is confronted by immediate necessities and unable to make full provision against the emergencies of life, regardless of all individualist doctrines, he will be only too glad to accept whatever protection they offer him. Therefore, what the trade union failed to give the worker, the intelligent employer was ready to offer. Against sickness, the employer helped him to organize and support plant mutual benefit societies; he established plant hospitals and dental clinics, and in at least one instance, he even provided complete medical and surgical services, not only to the worker himself, but to all the members of his family. Against old age, enlightened managements organized pension funds, which, though financially unsound and unguaranteed, nevertheless promise the worker definite protection from this economic hazard. Against widowhood and orphanage, he is now offering group insurance; while an increasing number of concerns are gradually establishing plans for unemployment insurance. Thus, to offset the 2,800,000 members of the American Federation of Labor with their very scattered and very limited benefits—all of which must come out of the wages of the workers—there are today over four million employees covered by industrial old-age pensions. About the same number are provided with group insurance and probably more than ten million are members of mutual benefit societies.

A few figures are enlightening: in the year 1925, the American Federation of Labor and all its more than one hundred affiliated international and national unions paid out a total of $1,842,292.48 in sickness benefits to their nearly three million members. On the other hand, one company alone employing but approximately fifteen thousand workers spent nearly that sum in sick and medical benefits. While the A. F. of L. and all its affiliated unions spent a total of $2,823,145.45 in old-age benefits, the Pennsylvania Railroad alone spent a total of over $4,000,000 in old-age pensions to its approximately two hundred and forty thousand workers. American employers have now actually covered their workers with group insurance amounting to at least five billion dollars.

It is evident that this could not have been accomplished had American labor leaders foreseen the advantages of state or social action. Not only students of labor, but even employers, admit that industrial welfare work abroad can never replace trade unionism there; nor can it take the same forms as in the United States, the workers being already protected by comprehensive state insurance systems, to the cost of which both they and the employer contribute. Group insurance, which has spread so rapidly in the United States during the last ten years, is hardly known abroad. Industrial old-age pensions, wherever they do exist, act only as supplementary benefits to the state pension systems, while many European countries definitely protect their workers against the risks of sickness and

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unemployment by comprehensive state insurance systems.

It is important to bear in mind that in other nations the state programs of social legislation—sponsored mainly by the various trade union movements—afford the worker a direct control, and thus preclude the danger of employers' attempting to alienate the worker from his trade union by promises of provision against these hazards. That the replacement of the inadequate union benefits by a state system does not affect the growth and power of the labor movement, is clearly evidenced from the fact that the size and power of the European labor unions and the development of social insurance have gone hand in hand.

But, argues the trade unionist, is not the American standard of living the highest of any country's? Is not the American workman better paid than any other worker and is not he the happiest of all workers, since most European workers are only too eager to come to the United States? And is not that proof of the wisdom of the policies of the A. F. of L. as against the "socialistic" tendencies of the movements abroad? One answer to this is that "man lives not by bread alone." Another is, to report a meeting which the writer attended last spring during the National Conference of Social Workers at Cleveland. At this meeting, a leader of the open-shop and anti-union movement asked exactly the same questions, and concluded that all these blessings were a result of the fact that while in England, Germany, and other countries, about 90 percent of the workers belonged to trade unions, in the United States only about 10 percent were members of unions.

Obviously, both of these statements have as much scientific truth behind them as the theory that, because some blond-haired gentlemen have accumulated a good deal of money, there must be a Nordic superiority. Both the trade unionist and the open-shop advocate, in making such claims, take no account of our comparative youth, our unlimited and unexcelled natural resources, our fresh and unspoiled soil, our limitless empire, our superabundance of power and machinery, and especially the fact that our greatest prosperity has come since the War, which, while it has thoroughly devastated and ruined Europe, has made every nation on earth pay tribute to us and has caused a steady flow of gold into our coffers. Our prosperity and wealth can be as effectively explained by the wisdom or blunders of labor unions as can the Tunney victory over Dempsey on the ground that the former is a believer in Einstein's theory of relativity.

Indeed, the unionists' contention of infallible wisdom is no more tenable than the opinion of the anti-trade-unionist that, even assuming that the trade unions are reduced to futility, or are entirely eliminated, the working man will suffer no actual loss and will be just as well off, so long as his employer protects him against the various hazards. Even a cursory survey of the fundamentals underlying welfare practices gives convincing evidence that under no circumstances can the working man be as well off with private relief as with state protection. The large employer may be able to outbid the union, but he does not solve the problem of uncertainty for all workers. The inherent limitations of the welfare movement even to approach a solution of our major economic ills, which, ever since the industrial era, have motivated wage-earners to organize in groups for their own protection, are evident from an analysis of but a few of the underlying defects.

First, major or substantial welfare practices must of necessity be confined to the larger and more prosperous or monopolistic industries. The small concern, employing but few workers and constantly struggling against a hundred or more competitors, cannot afford to expend either the time or the money necessary for such luxuries. Inasmuch as the United States Census of 1920 reports that but 6 percent of all industrial establishments in the United States employ 101 workers and over, it means that 94 percent of the concerns must be left entirely out of consideration in the development of major welfare practices.

Second, the most important welfare provisions, such as group insurance, health insurance, old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, etc., are either tied up, or graded upon length-of-service clauses, and the workers may receive substantial benefits only after they have been with the concern a great number of years. Extensive studies of labor turnover conducted by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics show, however, that only 3.4 percent of male workers and 2.4 percent of female workers remain with one concern over twenty years. Thus, approximately 97 percent of wage-earners will be unable to qualify for old-age pensions, one of the most developed welfare features, which generally require at least this period of service, while the majority of workers, because of constantly shifting employment, are unable to qualify for any substantial benefits from either group insurance or sickness provisions.

Third, welfare work, as constituted at present, represents only "if and maybe" promises. With but rare exceptions, these promises are never guaranteed, and the concerns provide for the cancelation of the benefits whenever they may feel so disposed. Although the entire movement of group insurance is hardly fifteen years old, numerous corporations have already abandoned it, for various reasons. The most comprehensive study of industrial old-age pensions in the United States, just published by the Pennsylvania Old Age Pension Commission, forces the Commission to conclude that: "The large majority of the pension systems now in operation are so constructed as to preclude any hope of their ever be-

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coming effective instruments in solving the great problem of old-age dependency to any considerable degree. . . . As pension obligations are now carried, unless our present business prosperity continues without periods of reaction, it is likely in the long run that public or charitable agencies will be forced to assume the maintenance of many thousands of workers whose employers had led them to expect that they would be granted pensions in their old age." Indeed, a number of pension plans, although constituted on the contributory principle, have recently been abandoned because the concerns could not undertake the obligations any further.

Four, the very expenditures made on these schemes show the inherent unsoundness, and the total inability of these welfare practices to meet the actual needs of the workers. The negligible price paid indicates the essential shallowness of the protection provided. Large industrial establishments are undertaking them because so far they have involved inconsiderable investments. As long as the per capita expenditure on a welfare program does not cost much more than the price of a turkey at Christmas, it is obviously far more profitable to let the taste of this benevolence linger with the employees throughout the year than to have them forget the corporation immediately after the "left-overs" have been consumed. A canvass, made by the writer, of the total expenditures on the multifarious welfare practices by American corporations, discloses that 514 concerns employing a total of 3,075,034 workers have expended during the fiscal year 1925-26 the sum of $52,408,384.13, or an average of $17.43, or approximately 1 percent of the pay-roll, on all their welfare work, which included expenditures on group insurance, old-age benefits, mutal benefit societies, death benefits, restaurant losses, recreational and educational activities, and the like. The report on industrial pension plans referred to above estimates that approximately 400 concerns in the United States employing 4,000,000 workers are paying out close to $43,000,000 a year on pensions, making an average per capita expenditure of approximately $10.75 a year. Of 292 concerns reporting their cost of group insurance, the per capita mounts to $9.72 per year. One hundred and fourteen concerns reporting the per capita cost of their mutual benefit societies show that the average cost per worker to the concern amounts to $4.99 per year.

Indeed, while abroad the employer's contribution to comprehensive social insurance systems is generally about 5 percent of the total pay-roll, but few concerns in the United States spend more than 1 percent of their pay-rolls on welfare practices. In most corporations, the expenditure on welfare amounts to but a fraction of 1 percent of the total pay-roll. Only in the few establishments which have adopted most comprehensive welfare practices is there found an expenditure of 2 percent of the pay-roll or more on welfare work.

Because of these inherent deficiencies, it is indeed futile to anticipate that these practices are capable of providing the protection against the hazards of modern industry which constantly threaten the wage-earner. The workers have been impressed by them only because the American labor movement, instead of pointing out these inherent defects, merely tried to substitute competitive and no more substantial schemes of its own.

As long as these hazards exist, and the great labor movement is delinquent in providing the wage-earner with social protection through a comprehensive state or national social insurance system, to which both he and his employer are made to contribute, the worker will be only too ready to take hold of every straw offered him by benevolent employers. Only when he is actually faced with the emergency will he discover that it is but the proverbial straw of the drowning man.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

Washington Notes

PERSONALLY, I expect to travel out to my little home on Main Street a year from next November and cast my unpurchasable ballot for the Hon. Alfred Emanuel Smith for President, without, however, any very lively expectation that my long record of backing losers will at last be broken. I concede, of course, that he is the only Democrat with even a remote chance of election; but I do not now believe his chance could be accurately described as fat, except in the ironic tones of the race-track tout. Between the so-called lower classes, of limited intelligence and inflamed emotions, who will vote against him on the ground that his election puts the Pope in the presidency, and the so-called higher classes, of more education and a wider mental range, who pretend to revolt at the idea of a Bowery boy in the White House, shudder at the notion of a President who cocks his hat on the side of his head and talks out of the corner of his mouth, and are shocked at the suggestion of a politician who does not in private conversation observe all the rules of grammar—between these two classes I can see little hope for him, it being my unshakable conviction, based on bitter experience, that the overwhelming majority of the voters in this land of the free and the brave are composed of fools and snobs.

However, with the fools and the snobs one never can tell. It is barely possible that Governor Smith, who knows the psychology of both pretty well, may devise some way of getting his share of their support. But I doubt it. The fact that, in all probability, he will be the best qualified man in the field, in itself is enough to defeat him. Almost invariably the great whole-souled, bone-headed American people can be trusted to pick for their President the poorest of the candidates to whom their choice is limited by the politicians. There was never a better proof of that than in 1924. With three men running, the voters passed contemptuously over the outstanding two of courage, color and ability, and by seven million majority chose a colorless nonentity, with the cheerful appearance of a small-town

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A New York Diary

"Lucky"

"Lucky," the new Dillingham musical comedy at the New Amsterdam, is as radical and as venturesome as a radio request program. The chorus does the intricate off-beat dancing introduced by Sammy Lee in "Lady Be Good." The eight Albertina Rasch Girls behave as did the various eights, sixteens and thirty-twos of the Tiller Girls; but on the tips of their toes instead of the balls of their feet. The Keller Sisters, motionless and bright-eyed as field-mice, sing through their little noses in just the manner of, say, the Brox Sisters. Whiteman's Orchestra, apparently racing against time, plays a tabloid version of the "Rhapsody in Blue," and Wilbur Hall performs "The Stars and Stripes Forever" on a bicycle pump. Walter Catlett does his stuff, and Santley and Sawyer do theirs; Mary Eaton, here newly starred, sings, smiles and dances—dances well in the fashion of the American stage and beautifully in the ballet figures of her teacher, Ivan Tarasoff. The costumes are beyond praise. The comedy is Late Colonial. The innovation is a microscopic Negro boy produced by Whiteman and by him styled Snowball, who sings, socks a hot banjo, and clogs with incredible pace and gusto: at Snowball's age, one is an innovation or nothing. Of the three most nearly noticeable songs, one, "Spring Is Here," is not printed and its composer is not identified; of the other two (both by Harry Ruby), "Dancing the Devil Away" is a rehash of the verse in Gershwin's "Clap Yo' Hands," while "The Same Old Moon" is watered Kern. Mr. Kern himself is prominently mentioned as a collaborator, but it is unfortunate that his name should be attached to so utterly ineffectual a score, as it is cruel that his lovely 1923 "Once in a Blue Moon" should be interpolated amid this nonsense. It was Jerome Kern who introduced to a startled song trade the idea of musicianlike writing; but the trade hires expert arrangers today, and until once more he brings forth some of the priceless stuff of pure melody, he will continue to be indistinguishable from his own imitators. Yet, in spite of the discontent implied in this brief notice, it must be admitted that "Lucky" has everything, and should, at various points, please everybody. It is a good show, and it has been for several years.

Sewing Machine Girls of 1927

The fact that times have changed, which some enterprising person dug up and made public the other day, is demonstrated by a motion picture released recently, entitled Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl. It is based, of course, on the favorite melodrama of twenty years ago; but Bertha, Bertha, how thou art translated! In the stage play, our elderly readers will recall, Bertha was the embodiment of imbecilic sweetness and determined virginity. For the movies, in 1927, she is made into what is technically known as a gold-digging salamander: i.e., one who carries on incessant flirtations with men, extracts from them all the expensive entertainment she can, and then escapes at the last moment from making the expected repayment. To be sure, the exigencies of the wooden plot demand that, in the final few feet of the story, Bertha shall suddenly go feeble-minded, and permit herself to be coaxed, unchaperoned, on board the villain's yacht so that he may lock a door and chase her around the room. But this development is unimportant, and is tacked on merely to give an excuse for ending with a bang-up rescue. The producers recognized, with commendable intelligence, that a wholly faithful portrayal of a maiden such as the original heroine would be unintelligible to audiences of today. They have gone Hamlet in Modern Dress one better by presenting Bertha in Modern Ideas. This suggests startling possibilities: may we expect in the future to see all the classics revamped every quarter of a century or so, with outmoded moralities discarded? Or is it a test of great literature that it does not need any such transmogrification, and manages always to keep abreast of the procession?

Morning Scene

It is ten minutes past seven, and a cold March morning. The lunch-room, its plate glass windows opaque from steam, is open for business, but is not yet doing any. The boy behind the counter, in a dirty white coat, lounges, yawning, on the glass-topped case, and behind him the big coffee boilers steam and whistle drowsily. Half-way down the long room, the loud-speaker of a radio is barking. The Negro cook is sitting beside it, and another Negro, with a mop in his hand, stands near him. Both are listening intently. From the mouth of the loud-speaker comes a nasal, metallic voice, chanting rhythmically: "One. *Two.* One. *Two.* One. *Two.* Bend. One. *Two.* One. *Two.* . . ." The voice goes on and on, occasionally interrupted by a squawk of static, counting, encouraging, exhorting to more determined effort. The listening Negroes are as still as images, their faces blank and inert; they never shift their position. From the loud-speaker comes a final burst of peppy commands, and an announcement: ". . . this exercise is dedicated to the people of the great state of Connecticut. Tomorrow, folks, we'll dedicate our exercise to the people of the state of New Jersey." Then a jangling, tinny chime—the quarter-hour—and the setting-up exercises are over. The Negro cook rises slowly from his chair, and shuffles back to the kitchen. The Negro with the mop stretches himself slowly, and prepares to wash the windows.

What We Have Come To

Next time they bury a box of mementoes in a corner-stone, designed to show an inquiring New Zealander a thousand years hence what our civilization was like, I suggest that they should include an advertisement, from last week's issue of The New Yorker, of "Sound Absorbers." These are balls of cotton and wax for city dwellers to stuff into their ears, and thus make it possible to sleep despite elevated trains, radios, taxi horns, garbage-can rattlers and Those People next door who are throwing a party. This is what urban life has come to!—denizens of the metropolis not only need to plug their ears with cotton, but must be told by advertising to do so, and buy the plugs at $1 for ten. . . . However, I now remember that souvenirs are no longer laid aside in corner-stones for New Zealanders, since there is an immoral certainty that any new building will be torn down next year to make room for a bigger one.

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An American Epic in Paint

DURING the last five years Mr. Thomas Benton's pictures have hung fairly regularly in the exhibitions at the Architectural League and have uttered a brave challenge to the architect. Without joining the group of mediocre illustrators and poster-artists who practise the craft of mural painting in America, Mr. Benton has claimed for the artist an integral place in our new architecture. The architect has been slow to rise to the challenge. In the form of interior decoration, he deprives the home and the club of quiet wall-spaces where modern pictures could be hung; and by clinging to the vestiges of earlier decorative forms, he creates a frame that is antagonistic to contemporary art. Our architecture is, on the whole, modern by necessity and not by conviction: give the architect an opportunity and he will crawl back to some safe archeological shelter. But painters like Mr. Benton, who are ready to face the architect's problem and see it through, must sooner or later break down the architect's reluctance to having another original artist at work on the same premises; for the fact is that almost the only fresh decorative work our buildings can boast is that which Mr. Lee Lawrie did for the late B. G. Goodhue, or Mr. Alfonso Ianelli did for Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, and is now doing for Mr. Barry Byrne. Without the assistance of the artist, architecture is fettered in decoration to historic reminiscence.

Now, architecture has nothing to gain from the commonplace mural painter: the decoration of buildings like the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, the Congressional Library at Washington, and perhaps the great majority of our State Capitols, shows a great expenditure of effort and money on art that remains pretty much on the level of an insurance company's calendar. Mr. Benton's paintings are of quite another stamp. He is a painter of power and originality: his complicated, exuberant designs interweave on the canvas like the figures in a dance, rising, falling, heaving, bowing, sinuously winding, sharply leaping, all within the limits of a dominating pattern. Movement and distance are always beckoning to Mr. Benton: a railroad train sweeping around a curve, a locomotive emerging from a tunnel, the march of men, the swaying of a beam or an arm, these are the moments he appropriates: the third dimension is always "there," for without it solids cannot move through space.

Life as Mr. Benton depicts it would be a chaos of change and passage, were it not for his orchestral arrangement of the figures: he calls the steps like the fiddler at a country dance, and a new pattern emerges. It is not, perhaps, by accident that he has gone to history for the themes of his major mural designs; for history suggests movement through time: in relation to the contemporary scene it plays the part of the third dimension. For Mr. Benton, 1400, 1653, 1865, 1927, are successive planes that lead the eye from the background of primordial Nature to the foreground of the Machine: naked Indians, Dutch burghers, patriotic Unionists, structural iron workers—each group suggests a different problem in design. In hard contrasts of light and shade, in a somewhat metallic palette, and in rigorous line, Mr. Benton brings into all his pictures the quality of our own day. If this art does not belong to the age of the Skyscraper, then Spengler is right: such an age has no place for art!

In his murals, Mr. Benton holds a nice balance between abstract design and those juicy gobbets of observation that reveal, a little acridly, our American scene. He draws people out of their soil, like potatoes, with the earth still clinging to them: the New York alderman carries with him the "boys" in a stuffy political headquarters, heavy with cigar-smoke and stale breaths and gossip about the latest achievements in getting by: his New England widow breathes a sickly aroma of boiling clothes, yesterday's cabbage, and stove-polish; his Mizzoura politician expectorates, with accuracy and distance, almost while one looks at him. The idiom in which Mr. Benton expresses these things is his own; but behind it is a common American quality which we all share and easily understand; something that is both sober and intense, that seizes upon the most drab and forbidding objects—as Sandburg embraces Chicago, hog-butcher of the world—and by a certain naïve energy makes them loveable, almost fine. In his smaller portraits and landscapes exhibited lately at the New Gallery, Mr. Benton gives an earnest of success in the series of historical panels he has projected; they assure one that his pictorial generalization of American history will not get lost in vapid generalities. Apart from their capital purpose, these pictures are a genuine contribution to Americana; and I trust that people who now absurdly overvalue a Currier and Ives print will not, in their respect for the native art of fifty years ago, overlook a maturer form of it today. Mr. Benton is not an intimate, lyrical painter; but for this reason he is all the better equipped, perhaps, to raise up a significant public art. He has conceived an American epic: *ça va! ça ira!*

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Joyce Today and Tomorrow

NOW that five sections of James Joyce's new novel, a work not definitively titled as yet, have been published in various periodicals, it is possible to make some tentative remarks upon the probable evolution of Joyce's form. It is obvious, first of all, that the form of the work in hand is not the same as that of "Ulysses," although it is equally obvious that it is a natural growth from that gargantuan achievement. It will stand in relation to "Ulysses" as "Ulysses" stood in relation to "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." The creative faculties of Joyce rise from work to work, as from plane to plane, with a consequently increasing density of symbolical phenomena. If, therefore, his readers do not travel with him, do not progress from plane to plane, they are likely to find themselves lost in a thicket of luxuriant and amazingly suggestive growths, which, however, refuse to compose themselves into that reasonable pattern which will reveal the integral design. It was Mr. Arnold Bennett who accused Joyce of "playing the lout to the innocent and defenseless reader," because he had failed to come even half way to make "Ulysses" intelligible.

This voice of Mr. Bennett crying lamentably in the wilderness is but one of many voices that are the pro-

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tests of lazy wits. As a pure artist, Joyce naturally does not scaffold his work with an explanatory concordance. He completes the structure and leaves the door open—in the case of "Ulysses," the title itself—and it is through that entrance that the reader who would understand him must enter. Mr. Bennett apparently looked through one window at a time, saw different rooms, and decided that there was no unity of form there. As a matter of fact, James Joyce is incessantly preoccupied with form and, in "Ulysses," had subdued his material to a form both elaborate and rigorous. His scheme, the setting of modern realities in relation to an ancient myth, required a new technique; and such a new technique he invented, unconstrained by the prejudices of an audience unable to forget its preconceived notions of what a novel should be. It would, of course, be a mere supposition, offered as a conviction, to assert that Joyce's new novel will be as perfect in form as "Ulysses" (for five scattered segments from a large scheme do not give us enough to go on); but no one who is familiar with his painful self-discipline, his extraordinary industry, his ceaseless rumination and his meticulous exactitude, will doubt his determination to make it so. I have his own word for it that he devoted a thousand hours to the composition of that section of his new work which appeared in Adrienne Monnier's "Navire d'Argent," a section of, perhaps, 5,000 words.

The charge of formlessness and incoherence has so often been brought against Ulysses—even the Homeric analogies have been questioned—that it may be of interest to go into this matter. The settlement of such a question is certain also to illuminate Joyce's new work, to throw into relief its ground scheme and to impress upon the reader the degree of reasoned coördination to be expected in it. The theme, then, of Leopold Bloom's day in Dublin was first conceived as a short story as far back as the period of "Dubliners," but it was afterwards put aside until a large quantity of material had been assembled. Then, after the completion of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," it was taken up and formulated in Joyce's mind as a realistic epic with a spiritual skeleton of myth. The organization of so much material called for an enormous systematic scheme. Already, in Joyce's work, the myth had made its symbolic appearance in the Dedalus (Daidalos) of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." And, for "Ulysses," Joyce elaborated, not merely a whole set of Homeric correspondences, paralleling the entire Odyssey, but also a whole zodiac of deliberately planted symbols which served each as a nucleus around which different sections of his material should cluster. Of these parallels and these symbols Mr. Joyce has drawn up an exact and complicated diagram; and it is from an acquaintance with this diagram that the present writer speaks.

"Ulysses" falls into eighteen chapters divided into three books, and architecturally the whole structure is admirably balanced. Each one of these chapters once possessed a title indicating that portion of the Odyssey from which it takes its symbolic substance and, for the sake of those readers who are still wandering in a fog of misconceptions, I may set down in their order these titles. They are: Book One—The Telemachia: Chapter One—Telemachus, Two—Nestor, Three—Proteus; Book Two—The Odyssey: Chapter One—Calypso, Two—Lotus-eaters, Three—Hades, Four—Æolus, Five—Læstrygonians, Six—Scylla and Charybdis, Seven—Wandering Rocks, Eight—Sirens, Nine—Cyclops, Ten—Nausicaa, Eleven—Oxen of the Sun, Twelve—Circe; Book Three—The Nostos: Chapter One—Eumæus, Two—Ithaca, Three—Penelope. It will be noted from these titles that, in its large dramatic plan, the progress of Homer's Odyssey is followed, although the adventures of Ulysses on his wanderings are arbitrarily arranged. First, we have, as in Homer's epic, several chapters devoted to Telemachus (for Stephen Dedalus is the spiritual child of Bloom, who, of course, represents Ulysses); then a dozen of the principal adventures of Ulysses on his wanderings; then, finally, the account of Ulysses' return to Ithaca and to Penelope—in this case, Bloom's return to his home after his day's voyagings about Dublin. The ambitious scheme does not, however, halt here, for, as I have said, aside from the Homeric analogies, Joyce further conceived a particular plan for each one of the eighteen episodes, a set of plans that involved construction, style, color and special systems of symbols. The original notes for "Ulysses" were underlined in different colored crayons, so that, in the assembling of the complicated whole, everything might fit into its appointed place, the thoughts of each character returning like twisted phantoms to that particular character later in the book. In a work where thousands of petty details are fitted into a vast coherent scheme, this was necessary. (And in working on his new novel, he continues to make use of this careful filing system—though not quite to the same extent as for "Ulysses." I myself have seen the black portfolios in which he assembles each related section. A white design on the cover indicates the character which each contains, a great V, for example, standing for Shaun, the principal personage.) Thus each chapter has a different scene and a different hour of the day; and each chapter is represented by a particular human organ, an art (or science), a color and a symbol and is conceived in a technique appropriate to the peculiar rhythm of the subject with which it deals. The work becomes, in effect, a series of huge panels which combine into an epic unity and which are more closely related than the picaresque sections of an epic, in that they are sustained by an arc-like development of emotion and mood.

To indicate more fully this intricate scheme, let me follow through one chapter briefly. The third chapter of the second book is a good example. Here the action is concerned with Bloom's appearance at the graveyard as a mourner at the funeral of Paddy Dignam. Its Homeric caption is Hades. The scene is The Graveyard and the time is eleven o'clock in the morning. The human organ symbolized is the heart (which, in the dead man, Bloom reflects, has stopped). The art exemplified is religion, which, to Joyce, at least, is one of the major arts. The dominating colors are white and black and the symbol is Caretaker. No one who reads this chapter and observes the caretaker's temperament and discreet jokes will fail to see the pathetic innuendo in this symbol. The technique is "incubism" and Joyce means by this the attempt to suggest by his prose the oppression of the evil spirit (the incubus) that descends on sleeping persons. A heaviness

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permeates the scene, a sensation of spiritual suffocation. The chattering of the mourners, the jokes of the caretaker, the solemnity of the religious service, the wandering and morbid thoughts of Bloom, all these things coalesce into a brief nightmare in daylight. Then there are the Homeric analogies to lift the action to the plane of myth. Bloom is Ulysses visiting Hades. The Dodder, the Liffey, and the Grand and Royal Canals are the four rivers of Hell. The body of Dignam is Elpenor, and Father Coffey, who conducts the funeral service and guards the dead, is Cerberus. "Bully about the muzzle he looks." Martin Cunningham is Sisyphus, and the caretaker, of course, is Hades himself. The graves of Daniel O'Connell and Parnell represent Hercules and Agamemnon. These things may seem of small importance in themselves and yet when the chapter is read through and set against that classic background of Ulysses in the underworld, the poor humanity of Dublin puts on a more majestic stature, and we become aware that the same great passions, belittled and made incoherent by Time, stand in the background, with motionless eyes, and wait.

Now all these chapters are balanced against each other to form a rounded and solid structure. Compare, for example, the first three and last three chapters. The first chapter of the first book is conceived as "narrative (young)"—I quote from Joyce's chart—for it is morning and a freshness of wind and sunlight and sea fills the prose. Against this is set the first chapter of the last book, written in "narrative (old)," for it is the fag-end of the night—the early morning—and the weariness and staleness of the characters are evoked by the flavorless prose. The second chapter of the first book is "catechism (personal)"—the school scene; and the second chapter of the last book is "catechism (impersonal)"—the author asking and answering his own questions. In the third chapter of the first book, the reader will find a "monologue (male)," where Stephen Dedalus wanders along the beach communing with himself; and, corresponding with it—the last chapter in the novel—the "monologue (female)" of Marion Bloom. This neat balance is maintained throughout, although it is less evident in the second book of "Ulysses," where the author is concerned with a spiritual arc rising to the hallucinations of the brothel scene.

Such virtuosity of construction might, of course, have produced nothing more than a huge tour de force, but Joyce has never been preoccupied with mere tricks of technique. The varying form was hammered out to express the varying aspects of the matter—all the strata of daily experience, from our deep subconscious motivations to the highest realms of intellectual illumination—with all their general implications and their relation to the past. He seeks the particular design which will best render the particular phase of experience with which he is dealing. When Joyce chooses, his language becomes a crystal transparency, an atmospheric clarity, in which the realities are set off as mountains are set off in clear air. Thus when, in the first chapter of "Ulysses," he writes of the morning by the sea, his style partakes of the essence of light. But when he writes of the fantastic mental visions of midnight drunkenness, his style becomes fantastic and distorted, the gabbling, crazy language of the mind.

Those examples of the new novel upon which Joyce is now working, which have appeared in various periodicals, represent natural evolutions out of the technique of "Ulysses." But Joyce is here dealing almost wholly with abstractions in human guise, and therefore his prose is lifted a plane higher and presents an even more surprising aspect. As he is resmelting modern life into myth, so he is resmelting and refashioning the English language, playing vast tricks with it, coining words through thought-associations, seizing upon the very nuances of sound and rhythm. This new work is based upon philosophical concepts reworked from Vico and Bruno, and, though it has characters with the appearance of mortals in it, these characters are no less than mythic creations. It is plain enough that the Anna Livia who has appeared in these printed portions of the new work is the personification of the Ana-Liffey, the river that runs through Dublin. She is all the rivers in the world as well. It is no small thing to create a mythology, and when the writer, as Joyce does, sets himself to create a new syntax and language to fit that mythology, the reader may well be impressed and wait impatiently for the finished work.

Joyce is a very great grammarian and there is reason for everything that he does. He is not smashing things to pieces, but rather is he refashioning them into a new order upon a new plane. In his next book, therefore, we may look for the treatment of a myth embracing the Irish spirit, a myth through which monstrous figures move, change their shapes and identities and melt into one another, a myth filled with a colossal humor and driven by Vico's hinted sense of an historical philosophy, a myth offered in a language suited to it, a language compact of coined words, phrases and sentence structures, starred with reiterated word-associations and rhythmical sound approximations that will suggest the flow and suck of river water or the differing degrees of the mind at sleep in the night. Abstractions move as beings, and beings are translated into abstractions. It is, after all, the natural evolution of Joyce, and those readers who expected another "Ulysses" must make up their minds that they will never have it. They must adventure beyond "Ulysses," if they are to continue reading Joyce.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Story of Philosophers

SIR: I note that Professor Schapiro asserts, in a recent issue of the New Republic, that in the controversy about Dr. Durant's omission of any treatment of metaphysics from his popular book, he is "not on the side of the angels." Judging from the tone and content of Professor Schapiro's letter, it is doubtful whether it would do the angels much good to have him on their side in this matter.

He finds metaphysics evil, because it frequently distracted the mind from searching and useful inquiries, to contemplation of non-existing fictions. Will Professor Schapiro deny that this has happened in all sciences, including his own science of history? No discipline is free from the intrusion of ill-balanced minds; every science has at times furnished opportunities for cranks, fanatics, fools and charlatans to disport themselves for the gaiety of the initiated, and the sublime edification of the uninitiated.

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But Professor Schapiro gives us a "true" definition of metaphysics, as "the seeking by a blind man in a dark alley for a black cat that isn't there." Well, how would Professor Schapiro like it if someone quoted Napoleon or Henry Ford on history, giving a "true" definition of it as "a lie conventionally agreed upon," or still more epigrammatically, as "bunk," for the purpose of showing, before a group of general readers, that it was a foolish waste of time for scholars to prosecute historical research? And yet Napoleon at least was a maker of history, and he had some right to speak on the subject of the relation between history and the facts; God only knows what wag propounded the definition of metaphysics which Professor Schapiro so solemnly and trustingly presents, and what sort of an understanding of the term he had by real studies succeeded in acquiring.

As far as Dr. Durant is concerned, it is my opinion that he did well in leaving metaphysics out, if he intended to write the kind of a book on philosophy that he did write. Metaphysics is a quiet and unassuming discipline, and does not cry out in the market-place, making it a duty for everybody to study it or to understand it; least of all does it ask to be treated journalistically, in a frothy, though piquant and interesting manner, "zum Gebrauch für Jedermann." Not that I think such treatment does philosophy any harm; except perhaps in so far as some reader might be led to imagine, because he has been titillated by Dr. Durant's jokes (which are not always in good taste) or has memorized his slogans, that he understands philosophy.

But Professor Schapiro's development of his theme strongly suggests the following alternative: either he ought to show, better than his letter shows it, that he has some concrete and genuine understanding of what metaphysics is; or else he ought to stop quoting silly nonsense about it in a serious attempt to discredit it. His letter is the precise counterpart of a speech I once heard a practising sociologist make, heaping ridicule and denunciation upon the Einstein theory of Relativity. He who betrays one technical discipline in this manner, betrays all; and one could poke fun at many necessary and useful aspects of historical research in precisely the same manner, and with precisely the same justification as Professor Schapiro has for his letter on metaphysics.

Minneapolis, Minnesota. DAVID F. SWENSON.

The Younger Critics

SIR: I read Mr. Mumford's "Golden Day," and I was therefore interested in the remarks made upon it by Mr. Dewey and by Mr. Mumford himself. I have for some time been trying to understand what the group of young men of which Mr. Mumford is one is driving at, but though their publications are numerous and sufficiently readable, I remain utterly in the dark, except as to certain likes and dislikes of theirs. William James speaks in a letter of a student whose criticisms he feared, "and that was partly because I never quite understood the region from which they came, and with what authority he spoke." It is hard to tell in the case of the group of which I am speaking what their authority is, but it is hardly to be feared because they do not, to me at least, seem really to have any. They are dissatisfied with things as they are—like the rest of us—and they suggest that things would be better if—

> And when I found the door was shut,
> I tried to turn the handle, but—

There is a great deal about Whitman and Melville and Thoreau and a scattering of others, but——. They are critical, very, and they have read Turner and Freud, but——.

They are agreed to fall foul of James on every convenient occasion. Waldo Frank calls him "the shallow William James." The others sing in chorus.

It is rather striking that none of these young critics shows one trace of the scientific spirit. They are presumably well read, and Mumford asserts his occupation with technology, but there is never a suggestion of the central scientific interest. James was a man of science of the keenest sort, and his pragmatism was a first step in relating his philosophical interest to the scientific demands of his psychology. He differed from most men working under those conditions in that he could think scientifically without dropping from his mind the multitudinous and imprecise psychological data. If these deep critics—I suppose they think themselves deep since they imply a contrast to the shallow James—would give the slightest evidence that they have come as far as this, they would be more interesting.

For James, as he so repeatedly says, pragmatism was not a philosophy, but an introduction to philosophy, and from one side only. He went much further than that, though incompletely. It is a great misfortune that it is the business of critics to criticize, for Radical Empiricism is very difficult to understand, and critics rarely do the reconstructive work that is necessary if they are to understand even so poor a thing as a philosophy that they do not agree with. Therefore they habitually talk as though pragmatism was for James philosophically sufficient. (Mr Mumford recognizes the technical achievement in Radical Empiricism, but he does not recognize that the vital philosophical purpose would work out through this and not through the more facile pragmatism.) Of course they might object that James never offered them Radical Empiricism neatly served on a platter. But in fact, no man with a scientific conscience and a vivid psychological insight can, in any such sense, complete a philosophy. The philosophy suggested by someone is something that you can go on with, or something that you must leave. If you must leave it, you had best do it in the temper of sweetness and light, unless your credentials are unimpeachable. Incapacity to avail oneself of the means is too often treated as an insufficiency in them.

It commonly happens that there is a reaction against a philosophy shortly after it has been propounded. It is too new to be treated with reverence and thoroughly studied, and it is too old to be fresh. Mr. Mumford says that most of his generation began as pragmatists. The result is what you might expect. Since they are critics and not constructive thinkers, they had a choice between the rawer current radicalisms and a throwback to something richer in its overtones. They went back and claim an advance. I should like to know whether they have any clear ideas on their direction. LEO STEIN.

Paris, France.

How to Deal with Pacifists

SIR: Why not deport men who have not served in the World War?

The New York World, March 5, 1927, carries a paragraph "short" headed, WON'T NATURALIZE 17 SLACKERS.

Supreme Court Justice Selah B. Strong in Long Island City, Queens, the story relates, rejected seventeen aliens applying for citizenship, "because they had not served in the World War. *They will have to wait five years* before they can apply again."

While this policy doubtless meets with the approval of American Legion "loud speakers," who, in many cases never left Texas training camps, we suggest that the eminent jurist devise other and more stringent measures against "slackers." Deportation would be a good move, or why not brand them on the forehead? A deeply burnt "slacker" brand would not wear off in five years.

Better still, why not commit all persons who do not believe in war to mental asylums? A person who cannot be hoodwinked is dangerous. WALTER SNOW.

New York City.

"Listening In"

SIR: I should have written, in "Listening In," that I had not heard Berlin's "What Does It Matter?" *sung* since the early days of its appearance. It has been played—not very frequently, but not so rarely as I implied. Perhaps if the words had been sung would not have consistently mistaken the new piece for Berlin's own "Remember." GILBERT SELDES.

New York City.

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The Kaiser

Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the Last of the Kaisers, by Emil Ludwig. Translated from the German by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 528 pages. $5.

THIS book is a portrait of William the Second—no more; it presents neither his epoch, nor the whole story of his life." In these words Herr Ludwig overmodestly describes one of the most complete and masterly of modern portraits—a portrait done with such insight, clarity and abundance that the epoch, as well as the man, is brilliantly illuminated; with such thoroughness that one cannot imagine the existence of other facts which would add anything of importance to our knowledge of the Kaiser. If the "whole story of his life" were put before us, how could it be superior to the story we have here? Of course, there are other facts, thousands of them, but are not the facts in this book the relevant facts, and what more can one ask of a biographical fact than relevance? What have we lost through Herr Ludwig's prudent, disarming resolution "to let no adversary of the Emperor bear witness," to ignore entirely the truck-loads of testimony, hearsay and opinion contributed, over a period of years, by the Kaiser's natural enemies, and draw the material almost exclusively from those who were his intimates and advisers? We have lost nothing, and Herr Ludwig has gained the enormous advantage of being able to speak unanswerably to those of his countrymen who may still possess the faintest trace of regret for their Emperor. Under ordinary circumstances, this biographer would have to lean heavily on hostile witnesses, but the revolution stove in the archives and raised a crop of uncommonly frank memoirs (from which Bülow's alone are missing), so that "in seven years . . . the overthrow of accepted forms of government has brought to light a greater quantity of documents than seven decades would hitherto have afforded us."

Surely no other important political figure has ever been turned inside out so soon after he has left the scene. "Of William the Second . . . we know in these days not too little, but too much." Herr Ludwig must sift and pick and choose, as he did with Napoleon. If the result is inferior to his "Napoleon," this is due chiefly to the ignobility of the subject, to the triviality of the personal tragedy, and to the nearness of the event. Herr Ludwig is amazingly fair and cool in the face of the most maddening material. A few times he trembles on the edge of indignation—but it is nothing to what the reader feels as he emerges from this nightmare. A nightmare in which the Kaiser, his advisers, his country, indeed all Europe, were involved. Involuntarily, throughout the book, one wishes to shout at them to wake up. But "Europe, for her awakening, needed the stench of ten million corpses."

If Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albrecht (called Fritz until he was six) had not been handicapped with a left arm so paralyzed, shivelled, as to amount to a deformity, the ten million might not have died at once, they might have died later, they might not have died at all. All William's early years were given up to a frenzied, gallant struggle to hide and overcome his deformity. His brains were far better than his body—indeed, when his mind was not the prey of his temperament, it was evidently an excellent, almost a brilliant mind. This mind he used mainly in order to subdue, disguise and overcome his shrunken arm. Here lay all his ambition, all his achievement. To all outward appearance, the victory was his. He did not admit his arm, on the contrary, he became a good rider, and a better shot. "In reality, the moral victory over his physique was his destruction. . . . This hourly, lifelong effort to conceal a congenital, in no way repulsive, stigma of nature, was the decisive factor in the development of his character. The weakling sought to emphasize his strength, but instead of doing so intellectually, as his lively intelligence would have permitted, tradition and vainglory urged him to the exhibition of an heroic, that is to say, a soldierly, personality. And everything combined to strengthen the delusion: his forefathers' martial glory, his parents' depreciation, his opposition to their liberal ideas, and above and before all, the innate vanity inherited from his father. . . ."

That is the key to his character, and if there is anything in his career which it does not explain, no act of his is quite explicable if we forget the combination of Hohenzollern vanity and shameful arm. Vainglorious and foolish he might have been even with a normal body, but it was the abnormality that gave his sensitiveness its almost insane depth, that made his outbursts so wildly feverish, his depressions and cowardices so dismally helpless.

From the first he alarmed everyone. Even before his father's death he had prepared ignorant addresses; while still Prince he began to give away busts of himself as birthday presents. From then on, until his escape to Holland, the whole world was treated to a long series of ludicrous, bombastic, exhibitionistic acts and speeches. Herr Ludwig's wealth of incident is overwhelming. There is material here for the making of the most grotesque criminal in history—a ruler whose ministers had to mix "thunderbolts" with the gravel for him to find on his morning walk; who made 577 speeches in seventeen years, or one every eleven days; who began one of these speeches (at a banquet): "Eyes front! Heads up! Look to the skies! Oh, bend your knees before the great ally who never yet forsook the Germans!" and could cause to be inscribed in gold letters on a granite block: "Here His Majesty William II brought down His Most High's fifty thousandth animal, a white cock-pheasant."

What other kings and nations never saw, what his uncle and the Tsar did not guess, what the Kruger telegram gave no hint of, was the fear underneath all his bluster, a fear not so much that Germany would be involved in a war with more adversaries than she could withstand, as fear for the monarchy, for his own throne, for his own skin. Ideas as such, separate from his instinctive clutching at his own position, he seems to have seldom had; if he made advances to labor and pushed liberal legislation, he did so far more to forestall a threat, to avoid trouble, than to satisfy a sense of right. It was not another part of him which, at various times, threatened to send an aide-de-camp to blow out an offending editor's brains, who hoped that "at least five hundred [of the tramway strikers] would be snuffed out by the time the troops returned to barracks," who thought republicans should "logically be regarded as people who will one day have to be shot or hanged." He was not so much a reactionary as a coward, and he hated socialists not for what they believed but for their threat to his own person. He had an exaggerated, womanish jealousy, which distorted everything into a personal affront. Two incidents provide Herr Ludwig with the clearest illustrations of his behavior. He has an argument with Bismarck. "He starts by being tactless, next, driven into a corner, gives an unworthy retort; and when sharply taken to task, becomes unapproachable all of a sudden." Later, it is Eulenberg, criticizing the Emperor's actions on one of the too rare occasions when Eulenberg politely, even mildly, told his master the truth. William "was hurt, evaded the point, boasted of his exertions for the Fatherland, and looked forward to a change

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of air, from which he had but just returned." He read selected clippings, he would not look at the newspapers, because he was afraid of finding in them attacks on himself, and so confined his reading to the Fürsten Correspondenz, which did not belie its title. Only a few times in his whole life was the plain truth told him. When we begin to assign responsibility for the War, and Germany's part in it, as this book prompts us constantly to do, it is difficult to decide how much the Kaiser was himself to blame, how much nature, for depriving him of an arm, how much his advisers, for their flattering, cowardice and lies, or how much the Kaiser again, for suffering such sycophants to be near him. Again and again we ask ourselves, are we in modern Germany, or is it not rather the court of some Arabian Nights potentate, to whom all voices are soft, all heads are bowed for fear that the heads may be ordered sliced off at any moment?

The horror of this career grows as one reads, and dismay increases as one comes nearer to the fatal date, 1914, as in a mystery story whose unhappy end one has turned to and read first. But, throughout, there is the fascination which this master hand brings to history. And indeed most of the story is, for American readers, totally new. The Kaiser himself, in his grosser aspects, we came to know during the War, and our clearest image of him, before this book, was not very different from a Punch cartoon. Herr Ludwig passes over the war period quickly, and saves his real skill for the psychological preparation of which the War was only the inevitable fruit.

All of it is good. Better than merely good are the portraits, the satellite portraits within the larger frame, of Eulenberg, Bismarck, Holstein, Bülow. No historical romance ever written was as exciting and strange as the intrigues and victories and defeats of these extraordinary people. There is, in the march toward the fastnesses of Holstein's solitary, unhealthy heart, a diabolical thoroughness and insight rarely to be met with. But in the comparatively few pages given directly to Bismarck (though his fearless anger and disapproval broods over every page), there is something unmistakably like greatness, a steadfastness, as well as an intimacy of vision and an heroic stature. I have been told that Herr Ludwig is now working on a full-length of Bismarck. It will be, like its predecessors, one of the best books of our time.

ROBERT LITTELL.

A Poetic Interpretation of the Universe

The New Universe, by Baker Brownell. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 445 pages. $4.

PARI PASSU with the growth of specialization goes the revolt against it. The author of this book is a connoisseur of things-in-general—that is, to be specific, Professor of Contemporary Thought in Northwestern University. Acting, presumably, in his official capacity, he takes his departure from the following brilliant analysis of one major trend of our time:

> The modern world moves towards monasticism. Each in his own cell, the specialists are building worlds, and their prayers and aspirations float out like pink and blue balloons that have no other contact with each other than the touch and jostle of hurrying towards the sky. Each in his cell, called a specialized department, the experts are telling their beads, manipulating their sacred formulas, sinking their souls in the ritual of their special job, and praying God to keep their eyes from wandering to the green breadth of the meadows and other casual wonders of the world.

Conceiving the expert to be, thus, one who learns more and more about less and less, Professor Brownell deliberately elects to be a dilettante—to know less and less about more and more. This book is—which will you have?—the symbol of the professor's glory, the insignia of his shame. It is by direct confession

> a tune for the new universe, a poem, more or less, on things in general. In everybody there is a world or two; this is but one of them. It is an average world, a common tune, a poem such as everybody has in him.

Whatever others may say against the contemporary flood of such books, I must claim for this one that it represents a literary achievement of high order. It has more quotable sentences to the paragraph than any three of its competitors. It is more than popularization of science, more than humanization of thought; it is an electrification of learning and a beautification of all things that it touches—and it misses little in its circumnavigation of universal being. Starting with the nature of matter, it passes the long night of parturition with the great "stellar obstetricians" as they bring the astronomical universe to birth; it is present at the dissolution of matter into electrical energy, at the dissipation under the magic touch of relativity of time and space into "events"; it rises from the slime with life and soars with man into mind; it presides at the differentiation of protoplasm into sexes ("thanking God that there are only two") and beholds the genesis therefrom of all our far-flung institutions; it takes audacious glimpses at "the Finalities of Life"—beauty, love, religion—"endless problems and endlessly worth while."

When the reader, breathless over this impossible achievement, recovers himself sufficiently to ask how it can be done, there is only one reply: with poetry all things are possible. This book is poetry; from the first section on physics to the last chapter on metaphysics, it is all poetry. Let the tender-minded who fear for the future of poetry in a scientific age reassure themselves with the poetry of this scientific book. If romantic verse is moribund, here indeed is the serum to save it—the enthusiastic taking of the world as it is. Thomas Hardy has been able, so notes Mr. I. A. Richards in Science and Poetry, to deal with esthetically neutralized material from the most materialistic days of modern science in such a way as to superinduce a mood that is undeniably poetic—merely by describing in a feeling way an unfeeling universe. But his poetry sounds initially the minor key and warms up, as it grows, to first-rate tragedy. Bent upon another type of quest, Brownell has managed also, by taking just the content that the various sciences and other disciplines give, to superinduce a mood that is at once undeniably poetic and undeniably optimistic.

The poetic tradition here followed and exemplified is that of Whitman and Sandburg. Whitman's spirit lurks and laughs behind every page. Relieved here with the light and fullness of day, saturated there with stench and dankness from the mud and scum of things, this literary creation stands personified as some mighty epicure devouring his world in salivary contemplation. This vicarious appropriation of life is so poignant as to take off the very

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skin of things in eagerness to taste their meaty quintessence. Such raciness of speech, such experiential abandon, such sensuous intellectuality, such luscious ravishing of form and matter, of sense and sentiment, belong in all truth only to art, but here envelop with beauty the whole content of science.

The philosophical motif that colors the book and unifies it is an eclectic idealism. "Perhaps there is no world from no point of view at all." Practice and action are clearly an approach to the world, and so pragmatisms, left or right, have their place. Science has its legitimacy as it has its dazzling utility. But the author deeply distrusts the total adequacy of these positivistic approaches. Science is sane only when it sees its lofty pretense, and pragmatism is sound only when it transcends itself. The phobia of the book, if all good poets must have phobias, is the analytic method upon which science rests and the pride in specialization to which it leads. "Under the knife of analysis reality seeps away like life blood." "Reality leans against us like a wall of wind. It is there always, always blowing, but a sample of it under a microscope turns out to be only air." In studied and lovely variety this theme constantly recurs from page to page. The great positive bias, if all earnest men must have bias, is in the direction of a world unified on a spiritual pattern. The author is deeply conversant with American philosophy. Santayana has profoundly tinged Brownell's temper. But where Santayana holds that the whole order of mind is useless, though not worthless, Brownell feels mind to be efficacious as well as infinitely valuable. To William James our author is almost certainly in stylistic debt, and to James, with Dewey, he owes something for his deep appreciation of variety and action as at least the warp of being. But Royce and the older idealistic masters have enabled the author to rise through pragmatism unto eternal values and then from absolute beauty shining in brightness, where Santayana is content to abide, to turn again to earth with the sweetness and light caught from such transforming visions.

In the face of all this enthusiasm, as a college text in orientation courses, I must yet appraise the book ambiguously. It has an excellent bibliography for students, not to mention a chart that locates its own difficulties for various types of readers. It has grasped the romance of the entire intellectual enterprise and is literally packed with facts; but its method is impressionistic and its aim is appreciation. In the field of natural science it is related to such a competitor as "The Nature of the World and of Man" by Chicago Associates as are the scribes and the poets to those who speak with authority. And yet the report of a gifted and loyal observer is not without great value to science, especially in its contacts with general readers. In the field of social studies the book is less adequate. The content is naturally more diffuse, and there seems lacking also the fine edge of eagerness that in the earlier section cuts away all indifference. In the realm of literature and the fine arts, where one suspects the author to be temperamentally more at home, the book is least adequate. Little space is allotted here, and the treatment is consequently sketchy. Yet in a deeper way this lack is remedied by the practice of literary art throughout the book as distinguished from a complete survey of art and literature in a single section. It is barely possible that an artist may better introduce men to both science and art than a scholar can. Certain it is that he may add much of richness to living. Whether, then, this book overtly gets us anywhere or not, it makes the trip adventurous and delightful; and in doing this it helps to conquer that last heritage of Puritanism—constant preoccupation with goals instead of with goings. Your conscience therefore approving, I leave you, gentle reader, in the hands of Brownell—a guide who gives you much, very much, information while at the same time he—greater be his praise—upon your "lifted forehead pours the boon of endless quest."

T. V. SMITH.

The New Schnitzler

Rhapsody, a Dream Novel, by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Otto P. Schinnerer. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

HOW lightly Arthur Schnitzler can lift up that heavy object, an American reader, can carry him a long way in a short time, and set him down in an unfamiliar world, European, Viennese, Freudian, Schnitzler's own! His world is European: his men and women have fewer engrossing interests besides love than we, when quite adult, like to believe we have. They know that desire creates love in them, while with us, as we prefer to flatter ourselves, it is, or was, the other way round. His world is Viennese: the weary libertines who dwell there have wit, imagination, sensitiveness, brains that they think with. Tragedy is everywhere, even little actresses and *süsse Mädl* being capable of tragic experience. His world is Freudian, a region where hate is like love, love like death, waking life like dreams; where the strangest shapes appear above the threshold sometimes, sometimes stay below and work the puppets; where wishes fulfill themselves in many ways, all strange. And Schnitzler's world is his own: mystery is the element his clearest women move in, surely the most desirable and unattainable, almost the loveliest women created in our day. We find them in his one long novel, in his plays, long and short, in those short narrative masterpieces which appear so casual, which are so packed and rapid, and in which, while we read in breathless suspense, Schnitzler has all the quiet he needs for the deep exploration of a consciousness.

From Schnitzler's thirty-odd volumes his present American publishers are making wise choices. Readers who see all things in Freud are said to rank "Beatrice" as high as those two masterpieces, "None But the Brave," written in 1900, and "Fräulein Elsa," written two or three years ago. "Rhapsody," Schnitzler's latest story, is neither flawless, like these two, nor so terrifying as "Beatrice," but it is exciting, it keeps you breathless, it is rich in profound little pictures of the soul.

A small child is reading aloud to her parents, Fridolin and Albertina. She stops reading and goes to bed. They talk, each is jealous of the other's past. The night before, they had been at a masked ball, where "the spirit of adventure, freedom and danger had beckoned them." He is called out to see a dying patient, and his adventures begin. They last until four in the morning, and each is a freedom, a danger, or both. Each, in other words, is a woman—Marianne, Mizzi, Pierrette, or the naked woman with masked face. All four women tempt him, three are within reach, but something stops him, a fear, a distaste, always something. How sure he is that nothing could come between him and the fourth woman, if only he could find her again! When Fridolin comes home he finds a contrast with his adventures, real and thwarted, in his wife's adventures that same night, dreamed and consummated. Which

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was more real, his reality or her dream? The next day, determined to be untrue to her, he sees, or tries to see these women again. And here we come upon the heart of the story, upon a strangeness new even for Schnitzler, the way in which Albertina's infidelity, in a dream, makes Fridolin incapable of being unfaithful to her in fact. Each time that he fails there is another, a commonplace explanation, but the true explanation is his wife's dream. Perhaps—who can say?—her dream is the reason why he never sees the fourth woman again, the unattainable woman, alive? Dream and reality—but there is, after all, a kind of reality we do not question, or confuse with dream, and the story ends on this note: "So they lay silently, dozing a little, dreamlessly, close to one another—until, as on every morning at seven, there was a knock on the door; and, with the usual noises from the street, a victorious ray of light through the opening of the curtain, and the clear laughter of a child through the door, the new day began."

My objections to "Rhapsody" are naturally to those places in it which lessen my pleasure while reading. The love-and-hate mixture, as dear to Schnitzler as to Barrie his laughter-and-tears mixture, is rather explicit. When Schnitzler tells me that love and hate are the same thing, I expect the share of representation to be large, of assertion to be small. And I do not like the secret gathering in which the masked nude, one of many masked nudes, saves the unbidden guest's life at great cost to herself. That Sudermann, had he imagined this scene, would have liked it, may not matter. But, to me, my feeling that Sudermann could have imagined it matters a good deal. Or is this merely a way of confessing that the American reader, that heavy object, is sometimes heavier than he thinks?

P. L.

Three Poets

The Guilty Sun, by James Daly. Pittsburgh: Folio Press. 41 pages. $2.

Selected Poems. With a Preface on the Nature of Poetry, by Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: George H. Doran Company. 241 pages. $2.

7 P. M. and Other Poems, by Mark Van Doren. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 89 pages. $1.75.

"THE GUILTY SUN" is a first book of poems, but the clear, stripped form and the native ring of the music are the work of a poet who has already passed his apprenticeship. There are less than thirty poems in the book, and some of these are slight, but even the most fragmentary have a purity which makes them hard to forget. The following, for example, is a complete poem:

> Your words will be for no other ear
> Upon the earth, but your words
> Will never be lonely.
> Come, and name the blackbirds
> Once more, and cry to me:
> "You name the nimblest of the pale deer!"

The simplicity of this defies analysis. It is as sure and complete as any other living thing. Its exquisite lightness of mood, however, is not typical of the whole volume. In other poems, more difficult than the above, the reader will find emerging an intensity which is essentially of the mind. It is the hard, sensitive passion of an ardent mind struggling with its own consciousness, lonely and frequently close to the terror which the realization of solitude brings. Its voice is Daly's own, distinct from that of anyone else at present writing. The struggle sometimes ends in obscurity, as in the twisted poem, "Frozen Orchard," but never in banality. The failures, when they occur, are due to too great a concentration, never to a lack of it. When he succeeds, as he does in "For One Throned in the Mind," and "On Choosing Heaven's Wall," he is rewarded with a strong, clear music. It is probable that Daly has not yet mastered his full range, but this first volume indicates that when he does, it will be wide and varied. There are unsatisfactory poems among these two dozen odd, but no repetitions. Each is struck from the core. The directness of his strength and the delicacy with which he molds it are apparent in the first poem in the book, "The Eagle":

> If you would see him,
> Wait on desolate crags
> Where the near clouds are cold.
> Wait, and over the third peak
> At dawn you will see a greater
> Than yourself.
>
> Your own
> Remembered shadow, cast
> On stone by a far moon
> (All night your dark companion
> And your comforter), will loom
> Bleak in your mind under
> The shadow of great wings reeling
> And tumbling down the sky.
>
> Tumbling and screaming down that bold
> Steep sky, past you and past
> Your shadow, down and down—
>
> The mighty bird will dim
> All wingless images in your eyes,
> And drown all lesser cries
> Your ears have known.

Unlike James Daly's book, which looks to the future, Mr. Ficke's is a retrospect over twenty years as a practising poet. His reputation is established, and in this volume he has collected sonnets, lyrics, elegies, narratives, from a dozen preceding volumes. There are many lines of eloquence and some of loveliness, but the weight of the library is heavy in their blood. Even in his more intimate moments, his language often gives the impression of being a little more cosmic and Miltonic than his mood can support. In his preface he has written truthfully that "the function of poetry is not to impart messages, but to explore the depths of emotion." In his practice he forgets that these are depths which must be explored naked, and that the encumbrance of any diving-suit—even one of dignity—blunts the fineness of the discovery. Mr. Ficke has gone down high-spiritedly and intelligently, but the cloak of inherited words hangs about him and its colors are reflected in what he sees. Amid these verbal flashings one eventually comes to read mechanically about an "unearthly dream," "unearthly beauty," a "maddening breast," or a "tortured soul" and "horrors that could break the heart." Not that these phrases are bad because they have been used before, but because in Mr. Ficke's poems they seem to be the echoes of his reading, and not the trembling report of his own discovery. In spite of his failure ever to have made his vocabulary genuinely his own, however, Mr. Ficke's eloquence is often moving. "The Sonnets of a Portrait Painter," which have remained his best known work, have a fire and dramatic intensity which one recognizes through the language. The tenth sonnet in this

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series shows his force at its best, though it also is verbally inflated:

I am in love with high far-seeing places
That look on plains half-sunlight and half-storm—
In love with hours when from the circling faces
Veils pass, and laughing fellowship glows warm.
You who look on me with grave eyes where rapture
And April love of living burn confessed—
The gods are good! The world lies free to capture!
Life has no walls. O take me to your breast!
Take me—be with me for a moment's span!—
I am in love with all unveilèd faces.
I seek the wonder at the heart of man;
I would go up to the far-seeing places.
While youth is ours, turn to me for a space
The marvel of your rapture-lighted face!

Mark Van Doren's voice is quietly making itself recognized as that of a sensitive and sincere poet. There is no rhetoric in his poems, no straining of emotion, no technical device for attracting attention. The simple words he uses are his own. The elusive and subtle meanings he gives them are also his own. The best poems in this new volume, as in the past, deal with the New England countryside. It would be more accurate to say they make use of the New England countryside, for they deal with man's fleeting apprehensions of himself as a part of a wider and impersonal life. A brown field, a row of trees, the sound of crows in the early morning, the shuffle and stomp of horses, rise from his reticent lines. The following poem on the red fox is characteristic of the economy with which he suggests his meaning. It is called "The Desire":

When I can wheel
And lift an ear
Because I feel
A fox is near—

Then the rush
Of running red—
I shall hush;
For I am fed.

I have not all—
Though much is mine—
Until that fall
Of feet so fine

Upon this grey,
Upon this green;
When I shall say
All has been seen.

The poems of personal relations are, on the whole, less successful, though in individual stanzas they achieve the same quality of implication, as in this from "Inhabitants":

The window always
Holding there
The same uncertain
Pasture-square

That half has stayed
And half has flown
Every week
We were alone.

The recognition of these almost imperceptible overtones is the chief source of delight in reading "7 P. M." The sense of the earth, of rooted trees and shy animals, of the impermanence of all that lives and hungers, is expressed in a few strokes as precise as those of the Japanese artist. The pause between the end of summer activity and the setting in of autumn is pictured thus in the first nine lines of "Till October":

Meadows hang
On a stricken hill,
And the woods that rang
Are long still;

Hay leans over
Upon no wind;
Crows hover
As the wheat is binned,

And never come down.

One can only enjoy the clear painting, to which the feeling of vague nostalgia is given by the slowing-up of the ninth line. LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

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